JUNIOR WORSHIP MATERIALS

W. N. ROBERTS.

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JUNIOR WORSHIP MATERIALS

By the Same Author

CANADIAN JUNIOR MANUAL

EXPLORATIONS IN GOD'S WORLD ROUND ABOUT US

EXPLORATIONS IN THE LAND WHERE JESUS LIVED

EXPLORATIONS IN OTHER PARTS OF GOD'S WORLD

JUNIOR WORSHIP MATERIALS

IN PROGRAM FORM

BY

NELLIE V. BURGESS

FOR USE IN

Junior Church Congregations, Junior Departments, Vacation Church Schools, Week-Day Classes and other Junior groups, and for occasional use in the small or one-room Church School

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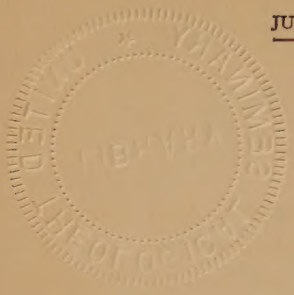

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THIS book is prepared primarily as a source book of worship materials for use with children nine, ten, and eleven years of age. Most Juniors meet at least twice a week for purposes of Christian education, generally using one longer and one shorter service of worship during the week. The material in this book, although most of it is arranged for only four programs for each month, will be found quite sufficient for a year's worship curriculum.

Hymns and Bible selections may profitably be used much more frequently than these programs indicate. In fact, Juniors like the repetition of familiar pieces. With one prayer ready to use for each week, they will readily be able to prepare another for their second meeting, and themes may be rearranged to suit their general plan of work. It is not often that both of their services will call for stories, dramatizations or appreciation talks, and those in the Programs and Appendix will provide for the longer ones. One quite long dramatization of particular worship value appears in the Appendix for use in some special service during the year, when the Juniors are responsible for the program. It might be used at Christmas for a White Gift Service, or at a vesper service in church or camp.

It is hoped that others besides Juniors may find this book helpful. Many of the hymns, stories, and dramatizations might be used quite as effectively with adolescents or older groups in, perhaps, a slightly different setting. In the one-roomed school, or where the Juniors must meet with the older departments, for worship, these services might be used occasionally, or material selected from them for use with other themes.

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Lack of space made it impossible to reprint the music of many of the hymns. A few of the newer ones will be found in the Appendix. The others may be used with familiar tunes from church hymnals. A list of the hymn meters is included in the indices corresponding to the tune meters in hymnals, in order to facilitate the selection of tunes.

Publishers and author owe a debt of gratitude to those who have reviewed the manuscript while in the process of preparation, and to those authors and publishers who have so kindly permitted the use of copyright material.

NELLIE V. BURGESS.

INTRODUCTION

WORSHIP is conscious fellowship with God. There is no more delightful privilege or sacred service than that of leading children in joyous communion with the Heavenly Father.

Within the last few years progress has been made in this art. The Church schools have welcomed suggestions for improving the worship. There is no doubt they will welcome this volume as eagerly and find it rich and helpful.

"Junior Worship Materials" is what its name implies. Here is a mine of source material for all who are seeking to develop the devotional life of boys and girls. The worship programs have not been thrown together hastily in the seclusion of the study. Some of them appeared in a magazine published in this country and were widely used; and others were tried out with remarkably good results in Canadian Church schools. It is believed that these programs and materials will be an inspiration to many Church school workers; but more than that, they will be an inspiration to the boys and girls for whom they were prepared. Very often Juniors prefer to create their own services. In that case, they will get suggestions and help from this book written by their good friend, Mrs. Burgess.

It is a pleasure to me as one of the author's former teachers to have the honor of introducing her book to the leaders and pupils of the Junior Department. It is confidently hoped that this volume will promote the worship of the Father by the boys and girls whom he loves, and who, no doubt, love him with enthusiasm and devation.

A. J. WILLIAM MYERS.

Hartford School of Religious Education, 1930.

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Christ the Lord Is Risen To-Day	Worgan	
Faith of Our Fathers	St. Catherine	L. M. with refrain
Father, Hear the Prayer We Offer		8, 7, 8, 7
Father, Lead Me Day by Day		7, 7, 7, 7
For the Beauty of the Earth	Dix,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7
God Is Love	Regent Square	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7
God of Our Boyhood	Pater Omnium	
		L. M. with refrain
God of the Strong, God of the Weak		L. M.
Hear Us, Our Father		11, 10, 11, 10
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts		Chautauqua Refrain
Holy Night, Peaceful Night	Stille Nacht	
How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care	(See Carols)	
Immortal Love, Forever Full	Serenity	C. M.
I Think When I Read	Sweet Story	Irregular
I Would Be True	Peek	11, 10, 11, 10 (Appendix)
Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come	Antioch	C. M.
Hark to the Music of Birds		(Appendix)
Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices Now	Waltham	L. M.
Lord, as We Thy Name Profess		7, 7, 7, 7
Lord, We Would Bring Our Offering		8, 6, 8, 6
Love Divine, All Loves Excelling	Beecher	8, 7, 8, 7, D
Loving Words Will Cost But Little	Beecher	8, 7, 8, 7, D
My God, I Thank Thee Who Hast Made	Wentworth	(Appendix)
		8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4
O God, I Thank Thee for Each Sight		L. M.
O God, Thy World Is Sweet with Prayer		L. M.
O God, Who Workest Hitherto		C. M.
O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth	All Saints	C. M. D.
O Little Town of Bethlehem	St. Louis	
O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea		8, 8, 8, 4
O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known		L. M.
Our Father, God, Wilt Thou Be Near	Ariel	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6
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METERS AND TUNES FOR HYMNS

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We Know Not Where Thine Islands Lift		8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)
We Plough the Fields	Dresden	7, 6, 7, 6, Ref.
We Thank Our Loving Father		8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)
We Thank Thee, Lord, for This Fair Earth		L. M.
We Thank Thee, Father, for the Life		8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)
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We Would Be True	Peek	11, 10, 11, 10
We Would See Jesus	Consolation	11, 10, 11, 10
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Where Cross the Crowded Ways	Germany	L. M.
With Happy Voices Singing		7, 6, 7, 6, D
We Thank Thee, Lord, Thou Wast a Lad		8, 6, 8, 6 (C. M.)

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Cavalleria Rusticana—Mascagni
Confidence—Mendelssohn
Consolation—Mendelssohn
Day Is Dying in the West
Dear Lord and Father of Mankind
Flower Song—Lange
For the Beauty of the Earth
God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall (Carols)
Holy Night, Silent Night
How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care (Carols)
In a Monastery Garden—Ketelby
I Would Be True
Largo—Händel
Love Divine, All Loves Excelling
Melody in F—Rubenstein
Nazareth—Gounod
Old Hundred
O Little Town of Bethlehem
O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go
Pilgrim's Chorus—Wagner
Serenade—Schubert
Simple Aveu—Thöme
Spring Song—Mendelssohn
The Palms—Faure
To a Wild Rose—MacDowell
Traumerei—Schumann
Under the Leaves—Thöme
We Three Kings of Orient Are

CHAPTER I

JUNIOR WORSHIP

It is most encouraging to note the deepened interest in worship evident in the religious education work of our churches. It has reached alike children's services, church schools, week-day groups, youth organizations, and adult departments.

Quite naturally, this has raised many new problems. Just what is the precise meaning and purpose of worship? What methods shall we use in training in worship? How can we make these methods effective in the lives of the worshipers? Where shall we find suitable material? In answer to these questions a new and increasing body of literature has appeared, stimulating, in turn, parents and leaders to deeper thought and at the same time leading to more effective worship education.

This book has been prepared as part of this answer, a very small part, indeed, since it concerns itself particularly with the providing of worship material for group services that will help meet the Junior's needs in worship and lead him out into that larger life which is filled with a sense of Divine companionship and guidance. A deeper study of principles and methods will be found in those larger volumes on worship such as "Training Juniors in Worship," by Mary Alice Jones, which may be secured through any supply house, and an excellent section on worship may be found in Marie Cole Powell's "Junior Method in the Church School."

It is necessary, however, to review briefly in this introductory chapter some of the more pertinent principles and aims underlying the training of Juniors in worship and their application to program building.

The Place of Worship in Religious Education

Ever since history began, perhaps since man first existed, the human soul has reached out with fear, hope, faith and in happier times with love, toward some greater and higher Power than itself before whom it bowed in worship. Worship is provided for in every living religion, and ruins of past civilizations reveal altars where national or tribal deities were honored or appeased. Worship satisfies a universal human need.

It is primarily, but not exclusively, emotional. It is concerned with a direct approach to God and a realization of his presence. In this relationship, we commune with him and our sense of the worth of moral and spiritual values is clarified and strengthened. We enter more fully into his purposes and acquire a new insight into the joy of Christian living to which we pledge a fresh allegiance. Worship may mean all of this to those who earnestly seek his presence.

But training is required in worship as in other phases of the developing Christian life. During the somewhat recent development of better methods in religious education, we have been, perhaps, more zealous in the imparting of knowledge or in the securing of right social responses than in bringing about that closer relationship and inner harmony with God that comes only through conscious communion with him in worship. We have failed frequently to realize that the satisfying of this need of the human heart provides the only permanent motivation for right conduct and gives new interest and value to the information content of the curriculum.

Better training in worship has been urgently needed, and the awakening of interest in it gives promise of a much better-balanced program of religious education. Such a program will include training in worship for each period in the developing life along at least

two distinct lines, the individual's own approach to God, direct and particular, and the more socialized worship of the group.

In carrying out this program, both home and Church should have responsibility. Under ideal conditions, the child's first approach to God will be through the worship of the family group. Then, as he leaves babyhood behind, he begins to voice petitions of his own, at first usually in a form taught by his parents, but gradually becoming more and more real communion with God. Later, he experiences the larger group worship of the Church school and Church service. Step by step he adds to his worship life as he matures physically and mentally.

Since ideal conditions seldom prevail, however, the Church School's program must include specific training in both individual and group worship. An increasing number of schools are seeking also through parents' classes, parent-teacher organizations, and various other plans to stimulate and strengthen the part played by the home especially in the training of the youngest children.

Training Juniors in the Church School may be carried on in the class or with the larger department group. There is also the Junior Church Service and the week-day group, with added opportunities for worship experiences and training. Some teachers or leaders find effective a quiet little talk with individual children. This should never be forced. Unless it comes about naturally, and the child honors his leader with his confidence, it may do more harm than good, for Juniors are apt to be very secretive concerning their religious emotions and resent attempts to intrude therein.

Worship in the class or smaller group is usually more or less informal, and frequently arises out of some class situation that leads naturally to prayer or some form of worship expression. Its value lies in its spontaneousness and in its satisfaction of an immediate need of communion. Too much cannot be said of the im-

portance of this form of worship. It gives the child a fresh sense of the possibility of his own communion with God whenever the need presents itself and of God's continual presence. Through it he realizes the joy that comes through the satisfying of this inner desire for Divine Companionship and the moral and spiritual strength and vision that accompany it.

Class worship may include more formal prayers, such as an opening petition for the lesson study. It is excellent training for the children to participate in the prayer leadership of the class. This again should not be forced upon them; but, if the class is organized, it may become the recognized duty of the chief officer to lead the opening prayer, either on Sunday or in a week-day session. This prayer may be spontaneous, prepared beforehand, or the repeating of a prayer verse.

All such worship is more or less of an informal character and distinct from the carefully planned service of worship used by an entire department, a junior congregation, or the larger week-day group. The formal worship service is held at a time set apart for it and recognized as a worship period. It is prepared beforehand with a central theme, and with a definite purpose in mind. While it does not in any way take the place of individual worship, it meets a very real need for socialized group worship. It provides the inspiration of numbers and the strength that comes from joint participation in a common service. It reassures the timid soul and should aid in the firmer establishment of individual communion. It also establishes a bond of fellowship among those who worship together and the strengthening of moral and spiritual ideals.

It is not within the province of this book to enter into any discussion of the setting up of a complete curriculum of worship training nor of the various agencies through which it might be

carried out, but rather to give immediate and definite help to those responsible for conducting the more formal services of worship with children of Junior age.

Aims in Program Building[1]

It is important that we realize definitely what it is we are trying to accomplish. We will, of course, keep in mind a carefully planned worship program with a central theme to which all the materials are related. Equal in importance is the "spiritual atmosphere" in which the service is conducted, without which the best material is of little avail. Every program should contribute to the following aims:

1. To make very real a sense of companionship with God.
2. To lead to a realization of the power and value of high ideals and moral standards.
3. To provide dynamic for right living.
4. To give definite training in worship experiences.

Some Underlying Principles

Certain essential principles underlie the selection and arrangement of material to carry out these aims.

The program should be planned from the Junior's own point of view. It should be in language that he can understand and that expresses his longings, desires, ideals, and adoration. It should concern itself with his worship needs and not with themes and experiences that belong exclusively to adolescence or maturity. Neither should it include outgrown materials of earlier periods that he no longer appreciates. It should be full of interest throughout.

Objective themes should have a prominent place in Junior Wor-

[1] See Chapter on Worship in "Junior Method in the Church School," published by the Abingdon Press, from which these aims are adapted.

ship Programs. The Junior's outlook on life is objective rather than subjective. The long inward turning thoughts belong to later years. He is not concerned so much with the state of his own heart as with his adjustment to others and to the world about him. None the less the need of divine companionship is exceedingly strong, and it is probable that the desire to know and understand God and his ways of working in the world is perhaps keener because his thoughts are not yet turned in upon himself there to center about his own feelings and doubts. Each service should be unified about a central theme related closely to these interests.

A suitable atmosphere for worship is very necessary. Provision for a quiet, orderly room, careful preparation, and the use of music that leads naturally to a reverent attitude of mind cannot safely be omitted from program plans.

Programs should convey the right conception of God and his ways of working. Astounding misconceptions are all too prevalent in Junior minds. Too frequently leaders are themselves rather hazy and confused on the subject. Materials should be most carefully selected with a view to having them so clear and definite that misunderstanding is improbable. A safe rule is to test all such materials in the light of Jesus' revelation of the Father and his purposes through his own life and teachings.

The emotional side of the program should not be overstressed. While the emotional element should be strong in these services, it is not natural for children of this age to maintain such emotion at a high pitch throughout a fifteen- or twenty-minute service. One marked climax, toward which the whole service leads, or two such peaks at intervals accomplishes better results. Prayer is a natural peak or climax in which the whole being responds to a sense of very close communion with God. Such moments are apt to be fraught with deep emotion and provide a dynamic power that

should touch the entire program of living. Interpretive intervals rest the mind and provide setting and preparation for the more intense experience. The close of the service should leave the mind and soul satisfied and inspired.

If the children are to have definite training in worship experiences, they must be given opportunity to participate in the program. Most Juniors, if conditions are at all favorable, will respond whole-heartedly to a program suited to them. This, however, does not give sufficient training, as it does not develop their own initiative. Smaller groups and individual children should be encouraged to undertake responsibility. Juniors appreciate a share in leadership. At a summer camp, where these programs were being used, the children were encouraged to discuss all affairs frankly with the leaders. To the surprise of the latter, they asked permission to conduct the morning worship services at the close of the second day together. They selected from their group those who were to lead, and for the remaining four mornings the services were entirely in their charge. The leaders helped them find suitable materials, plan their programs, and conducted the parts assigned to them. Most noticeable was the quiet dignity of the Junior leaders and the reverent order of every participant. Each child entered the room on tiptoe, listening quietly to the opening prelude, and maintained the same decorum throughout the service, loyal to their chosen leaders and to their conception of worship.

It is not often possible to secure such results in a large group, nor is the spirit prevalent in many Junior groups conducive to coöperation on the part of the children. It is always wise to experiment slowly. Leadership in small parts of the program, such as the reading of the Bible passage, or the singing of a special hymn, may be attempted with almost any group. Often a class

will undertake what one child alone could not do successfully. It is understood, of course, that nothing should be attempted that would interfere with the spirit of worship; but participation in leadership is most valuable training alike for the child's own religious life now and for the future leadership he may take in the church at a later time. Furthermore, it is easier to begin such participation in this period than in the more self-conscious years to come.

CHAPTER II

THE WORSHIP SERVICE

PROGRAMS of worship require careful preparation. This should include plans for the order of service, the selection and teaching of materials, and for coöperation and participation on the part of the children.

THE ORDER OF SERVICE

The order and length of the program of worship depend upon the occasion of its use and the length of time available. Usually it forms part of a larger service, as in the junior department of the church school, week-day groups, and church vacation schools, and further worship training is given in the class or in another part of the program. The junior church congregation may provide additional program items, or may devote itself exclusively to worship if time is brief. Usually fifteen or twenty minutes is set apart for the service of worship, and most of the programs in this book may be conducted in that length of time.

Continuity in the order of service is most advisable. Children like variety, but they enjoy a certain amount of repetition as well and become confused if changes are too frequent. They are apt to become restless and disturbed if the order of service is continually altered, and they do not know what to expect. The same general order may be used for most of the services for a whole season, and it is unwise to change all of the items oftener than once a month. The services in this book follow rather closely the same order throughout. The services for each month center about one theme, usually objective. This makes possible for several

Sundays at a time the use of the same call to worship and offering service with the occasional repetition of a hymn. Variety may be provided in the subtheme, musical prelude, hymns, memory passages, stories and prayers, and through the introduction of an occasional program based on music appreciation, or dramatization, using a different order of service.

An Outline of Service

Preparation for worship.
Musical prelude.
Call to worship.
Opening prayer.
Hymn.
Memory Bible passage.
Story, dramatization, or talk.
Prayer.
Offering service.

A second hymn may be used in closing, if the length of the service permits. In the appreciation program, the theme may be introduced through music or picture at the first of the service to be followed by hymns, Bible passages, and prayers chosen in harmony with it.

Choice of Material

Musical Preludes. Good music, carefully selected and well played is one of the most potent means of creating a worshipful atmosphere. This item should be chosen with the theme in mind, and the children should be trained to listen attentively and appreciatively. The writer watched a group of children listening to "The Palms" at the beginning of an Easter service recently. Their response made an almost perfect preparation for the beauti-

ful service that followed, and the influence of the music seemed to remain long after the strains had died away.

Hymns. Hymns suitable for Junior worship are comparatively scarce. They should have dignity and worth, in keeping with the spirit of worship and with the needs and aspirations of the group using them. Practically all the hymns in the following services may be found in "The Junior Church School Hymnal," published by the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, or in Augustine Smith's hymnal, published in the United States as "Hymnal for American Youth" and for Canadian use as "Hymnal for Worship." Most of them appear in Church Hymnals, or may be sung to familiar tunes.

Prayers. In the formal service, prayers usually form a peak or climax in worship and, as such, should be brief and carefully worded. The leader should keep in mind the theme of the service and the climax toward which the opening part of the service or the story has been leading. These, presumably, deal with the Junior's own religious interests and experiences. The prayer should not be too long, but should be vital and to the point. Occasionally, if the group is not too large, individual Juniors or classes may prepare the first prayer in advance, the theme and words being carefully discussed with the leader beforehand. A short period of quiet meditation may follow the prayer.

Memory Bible Passages or Hymns. The Junior period has long been considered as an excellent time for memory work because of the children's keen interest in memorizing and the fact that it is not yet crowded out by other interests. A great deal of memory work is taught at home or in other parts of Junior services and may be used very profitably in worship programs. No memory work should be taught, of course, in the worship service, as this would seriously detract from its purpose. Wherever possible, use

has been made of Bible passages and hymns included in Church School Memory Courses. They should be used in such a way that the children are conscious of their message and fitness. Otherwise there is danger of glib repetition with no mental attention. In addition to the use of material already committed to memory, there will gradually be added to it many of the beautiful selections repeated from service to service, unconsciously memorized through frequent repetition.

Stories. Stories, either told or simply dramatized, are a very valuable means of interpretation. Ideals and high standards live and inspire when clothed in story garments. Old messages take on new meaning and young hearts draw nearer the Kingdom and its Creator as great truths and principles live again in story form. A child may sing hymns mechanically or pay little attention to abstract passages or even to prayer, but he cannot live through a well-told story and entirely escape its message. It demands and holds his entire attention. Hence its value in the service of worship. It interprets the theme as can no other part of the program and prepares the heart for the prayer climax that usually follows to drive its message home to the individual life.

It is not always easy to secure the right type of story. Frequently some adaption is necessary.[1] The selections in this book were carefully made from a large range of material and were the most suitable that the writer could find to interpret the chosen themes.

Appreciation of worshipful music or pictures through a service centered about some beautiful song without words, such as "In a Monastery Garden," by Ketelby, or Mendelssohn's "Confidence," or about a picture like "The Boy Jesus in the Temple," deepen the children's emotional experiences as they enter into worship through the gateway of beauty. Careful preparation must be

[1] See May: "Bible Stories and How to Tell Them," Cokesbury.

made for this type of service. It must not be commenced abruptly nor lightly. Through music or the singing of a hymn chosen in harmony with the theme, the reverent, worshipful atmosphere so necessary for true appreciation may be created. Just enough explanation to help the children find the meaning of the music or picture should be given beforehand. A sufficient time for its message to be interpreted is very necessary, but this should not be unduly prolonged. Sometimes this may best be followed directly by a short prayer, silent or spoken, on other occasions a very brief discussion is of value.

In small groups, the children may gather about a picture of the ordinary size for class or department use; in large departments, the picture may be thrown on a screen. The pictures selected should have definite worship value, and, if available, are preferable in the original colors.

Teaching Worship Materials

Since materials clearly cannot be taught while a worship service is in progress, some other provision must be made for this instruction. It is also manifest that children cannot worship through the use of language which they do not understand, or of hymns through which they stumble brokenly. When and how is this material to be taught?

In setting apart a time for such instruction, it is necessary to keep in mind the balanced program. Except in the Junior Church or in the two-hour school session, the Sunday program is usually crowded. Important as the worship service is, it must not be developed at the expense of other equally important parts of the program. The writer once visited a very fine Junior Department that made the mistake of spending three-quarters of the whole session in worship and the teaching of worship materials by superin-

tendent. The service was very fine and the children took an active part in it, but the class teachers were left only ten minutes in which to carry on class routine and teach the lesson! Even from the worship standpoint this was unfortunate, for the more intimate worship of the small class group may be quite as effective at least as the general service, to say nothing of the importance of the lesson. At the other extreme, of course, is the department that has no real worship service, either failing to recognize its importance or overemphasizing other parts of the program.

In the one-hour session it is not usually possible to spend more than twenty or, at the very most, twenty-five minutes on worship training. Of this, five or ten minutes may be devoted to the teaching of materials and preparation for worship and fifteen to twenty minutes to the service itself. If the session is longer, more time will be available and can be used most effectively. Sometimes materials may be taught in week-day sessions or at a time apart from the Sunday session.

New Hymns. Hymns for Junior Worship should be chosen with the children's interests and experiences in mind. Such hymns are not difficult to teach, for the words will convey more or less familiar ideas and the music will be well within the range of their voices and musical ability.

While methods vary greatly, three main steps should be recognized:

1. *The development or recalling of the ideas of the hymn.* This may be done in various ways. Sometimes an immediate group situation or experience, or a short story may be used, or an approximate picture. It is often interesting to tell how the hymn came to be written. At other times the recalling of some experience, through a talk or question, is effective, bringing to the pupils' minds the ideas expressed in the selection.

2. *The presentation of these ideas in a new form, the words of the hymn.* The leader should read it through, while the children follow the words silently from the blackboard, screen, hymn sheets, or books. If the hymn is simple, the ideas and words will be connected without difficulty, but usually questioning or a short explanation is necessary. The hymn should first be presented as a whole, then the various stanzas may be discussed and memorized separately.

3. *The presentation of the music.* The music of the hymn to be taught may be used as a prelude for the day, or as quiet music at some part of the session, previous to the teaching of the words. It may be played again after the words have been taught, while the children listen appreciatively and think of the words of the hymn. Sometimes the leader, a class, or choir sing the hymn through while the others listen. Then the entire group may sing it together.

Bible Selections. The development of the ideas, followed by the presentation of the material, is an effective method also for the teaching of selections from the Bible. Many of these are connected more or less closely with Bible stories or characters and are taught as memory work in the class.

Memorization. A carefully taught hymn is usually more or less memorized, particularly if it is not too long. If complete memorization is desired, a few more repetitions at the time of teaching and frequent use of the hymn afterwards is all that is required as a rule. It is debatable whether the memorizing of many hymns is desirable. Juniors have a tendency to pay more attention to the recalling of the sounds and words of memorized material than to the ideas it represents. A few of the best hymns should, undoubtedly, be thoroughly committed to memory, however.

Coöperation and Activity of the Children

The real proof of the value of a worship training program lies in its results. Have the children really learned to commune with God personally? Can they worship intelligently as a social group? Do they know how to express their sense of God's nearness, their own gratitude, praise, or petitions? What share have they had in the training program?

The most real training in personal worship is, of course, individual or in the smaller group. Here may be found more frequently the opportunity of discussing prayer itself and of forming spoken prayers that meet the immediate needs of an actual situation.

In the service of worship in the department or larger group, the children may receive valuable training from participating in many ways.

1. *In preparation of the service.* As often as possible, the children should coöperate in the planning of the program. In a small department, the entire group may discuss worship topics, the children helping to choose the most suitable ones for use in the following program or for future occasions.

They may also suggest hymns, responses, topics for prayer, and other items and help to build up the service. Children who assist in this coöperative planning once a month will receive an excellent training in the selection of worship materials and in a more comprehensive conception of what worship means. In Miss Jones' book on worship, "Training Juniors in Worship," many excellent illustrations of such coöperative plans may be found.

In the very large department, a committee consisting of children appointed by each class might work with the leader before or after the session in program planning.

2. *Working coöperatively in leadership.* Juniors may assist in

actual leadership in smaller departments or week-day groups. An individual or class may lead in various parts of the service, and Junior officers frequently preside very effectively over the whole service, taking their places on the platform with the adult leader, who gives careful supervision.

In larger departments or groups, Juniors may form a choir, leading in the hymns and helping in the teaching of new hymns, and entire classes or small groups might lead in worship responses, or be responsible for part of the service. A story or talk should usually be given by the adult leader.

Every one in the department has an opportunity, of course, of participating earnestly in the hymns, responses, sentences, and the Lord's Prayer; and the Juniors themselves may be intrusted with such mechanical details as the distribution of hymn books and Bibles, the arrangement of chairs, etc.

Preparing the Department for Worship

It is not well to commence worship until the "atmosphere" is worshipful. Many leaders choose the period just preceding for the teaching of new materials. Others use stories, a short talk or music or picture appreciation to lead up to the worship service. The music prelude should then be played very softly, and to this the children should be taught to listen quietly. Beautiful music is a most effective aid to reverence. The preparation for worship should not be too long, for Juniors are active and need variety in their program.

. . . . . .

This book is prepared primarily as a source book for Junior worship materials. Its chief purpose is to provide a body of material which leaders and children may find of value in planning their own worship services. It is presented in program form for

the sake of those inexperienced leaders who are still experimenting in the planning of such services and for girls and boys who may, through the examples given here, learn more about the arrangement of such material in suitable form. This material is related to characteristic problems, or situations in Junior life and, in keeping with Junior interests, is largely objective in type and expression. Subjective types of worship are more suitable for older groups, being beyond the experience or comprehension of the average Junior.

CHAPTER III

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR OCTOBER

Theme for the Month: God the Father

Problem in the Junior Child's Life.—Some very common misconceptions of God arise in the minds of Juniors. Thoughts of God as an Avenger and angry Judge, who watches all our actions, ready to pounce on those who displease him, or as a far-away Being apart from us in awe and majesty are far too common. Juniors need to know of the loving and consistent Fatherhood of God.

Aim.—This series of services is planned to help the Junior know God as presented by Jesus, and to come closer to him as he communes with the One who gives and guides and cares.

First Service

Our Great Desire: To Find and Know God

Quiet Music: Berceuse, from Jocelyn (Godard).

Call to Worship:

Hear us, our Father! we know thou wilt hear us;
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, beside us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

—*Anon.*

The Lord's Prayer. Repeated by all.

Leader: To whom were we speaking in the prayer we just repeated? Who told us to call God our Father? Do you know just what God is like? Do you think people are interested in trying to find out what God is like? Who came to live on earth that he might reveal God? Do you suppose that was an answer to the desire people have always had to know him?

Scripture Reading. Let us read together about a man who wanted to know about God a long time ago. (Psalm 63: 1-8.)

Leader:

O God, thou art my God; earnestly will I seek thee;
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee,
In a dry and weary land, where no water is.

Response:

So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary,
To see thy power and thy glory.

Leader:

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life,
My lips shall praise thee.

Response:

So will I bless thee while I live;
I will lift up my hands in thy name.

Leader:

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;
And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips;
When I remember thee upon my bed,
And meditate on thee in the night watches.

Response:

For thou hast been my help,
And in the shadow of thy wings shall I rejoice.

All:

My soul followeth hard after thee;
Thy right hand upholdeth me.

Memory Scripture: Psalm 23, written by one who had found out many things about God. (Recited in concert or by selected individual or group.)

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers."

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeons, fire, and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! we will strive
To win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

—*Frederick W. Faber.*

Story:. Searching for "The Book of Heaven."

A hundred years and more ago, the foot of the white man was set for the first time in a valley on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. As the little group of white explorers came down the side of the Kamiah valley, they were welcomed by a band of Indians, who looked with amazement on the strange white faces and apparel of the visitors. They were treated most hospitably and given a place about the tribal camp fire. There even the most stolid of the braves ventured an occasional glance of curiosity toward these men who had evidently come from a place many moons away. The camp fire shining in their faces lighted them clearly against the shadowy background where indistinct forms moved to and fro. The peace pipe was smoked and attempts to communicate with each other no doubt took place, but we do not know how much was understood. The white man realized, however, that the Indians welcomed them, and so they stayed until the snows were gone from the mountain passes and traveling was possible again.

Many marvelous things they had with them. The Indians had never seen such wonders before. The braves hunted with bows and arrows, but the white men had iron rods that thundered and sent forth lightning at their will. The Indians were adept at imitating the cry of the panther or the howl of the wolf, but the travelers had a bass voice that could be heard farther than any of the forest sounds. They did not fear the spirits of the winds or the mountains; and while they were interested in the tribal dances and ceremonies with which the Indians worshiped the Great Spirit, Manitou,

or tried to keep away the spirits of harm, they evidently knew other ways of worship and of pleasing the Spirit they followed.

Stories of the visit of these men, and of the marvelous powers they possessed, were told for many years, until none but the oldest men could speak of having seen them. Then another white man came to the valley, and from him they learned many things.

"Surely," they said, "the white men must be the favorite children of the Great Spirit to be able to do such things as we have seen and heard. How may we, too, please him so that we may have these powers?"

Then the white man explained as best he could about the Bible, the book of the Great Spirit, and how it told of the things we should do and the ways in which we should worship him. So many words that we use every day were lacking in the Indian language that it was difficult to tell about it. The Book of Heaven, they called it, and anxiously listened to his words.

The traveler went on his way, but the Indians thought a great deal about the things he had told them. In the council meeting of 1832, the older men told the younger braves once more of the visit of the white men, their stories of the Great Spirit, and of the Book of Heaven from which they might learn more than even the wisest men of their tribe could tell them. Then one by one the braves spoke of the things they had heard, and of the hunger in their hearts for the white men's book. They knew that one of the white men who had visited them lived in St. Louis; and although it was a journey of many moons and of great danger, they decided that four of their bravest men should journey to him and ask for the Book of Heaven that they might bring it back to their tribe.

Two of the young braves and two older men were chosen and gravely set out on their long journey.

One morning in late October, after a journey of many months, they arrived in St. Louis, and through an interpreter approached the white man they had come to seek. He welcomed them and made many arrangements for their comfort and entertainment; but when the interpreter explained their request to him, he was troubled. How could he possibly give the Bible to them so that they could understand it? They could not speak a word of English. Supposing he found some one who could translate even parts of it into their tongue, he could not write it down for them, to take home, because their language had not even an alphabet and no one had ever tried to write it.

So he broke the sad news to the Indians as best he could. He entertained

them all winter, and Bible stories were told to them over and over. During the winter the two older men died, and in the spring the younger ones prepared to return to their tribes. It must have been a most impressive parting.

"We have journeyed many moons," the young men said, "to dwell among you so that we might take back to our own people the white man's Book of Heaven. We came with brave hearts and strong arms. Two of us remain in your land, and we return with both arms broken and empty. Our people wait for us many moons; and when we come again to them, we must tell them that the Book of Heaven is not with us. One by one they will go out in silence with heavy hearts. They have looked for light, and it is all darkness. Behold, I have spoken."

There must have been a very solemn hush as the Indians departed on their long journey to their own tribe. Many of the white men were deeply touched, and determined then and there that their journey should not be in vain. The story of it spread about until two years later a young man journeyed over the same trail, and after years of study and work among the Indians gave them their Bible in their own tongue with a new alphabet which the Indians learned to read and write.

And so the Book of Heaven came to a people who longed for it and desired earnestly to know of the Great Spirit and his ways.

Prayer: O God our Father, we thank thee that thou hast given to all men and to all children a desire to know thee and love thee. We thank thee that every one, no matter of what color or race, may know thee as a great God and as a loving Father. Help us to know thee better, to love thee and live for thee, and to do our share in helping others to know thee and serve with us in thy Kingdom. Amen.

Hymn: "In Christ There Is No East or West."

In Christ there is no east or west,
In him no south or north;
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
Close-binding all mankind.

Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be.
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both east and west,
In him meet south and north;
All Christly souls are one in him
Throughout the whole wide earth.

—*John Oxenham.*

Offering Service. This month's offering may be given to some special missionary purpose in which the school or Church is interested. The music of the hymn may be repeated softly while it is being taken, and a short prayer of dedication offered as the children acting as stewards stand before the offering table or altar.

SECOND SERVICE

God's Great Love

Quiet Music: "Traumerei" (Schumann).

Call to Worship:

Hear us, our Father! we know thou wilt hear us;
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, beside us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

—*Anon.*

The Lord's Prayer.

Leader: Who taught us to call our God our Father? In what way is a father different from other people? How do we know that God loves us? Yes, through the things he does for us and through the things Jesus told us about God.

Responses.

Leader: Let us read some of the things Jesus told his followers about God and that he taught them about him.

"The Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me."

Response: "The Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him."

Leader: "Love your enemies and pray for them that despitefully use you that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

Response: "Be ye merciful as your Father in heaven is merciful."

Leader: Jesus told us that God was like him, kind, loving, anxious that all should trust and love the Heavenly Father and live the best way of life.

Response: "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

All: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Hymn: "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus."[1]

Tell me the stories of Jesus
I love to hear;
Things I would ask him to tell me
If he were here;
Scenes by the wayside,
Tales of the sea,
Stories of Jesus,
Tell them to me.

First let me hear how the children
Stood round his knee;
And I fancy his blessing
Resting on me;
Words full of kindness,
Deeds full of grace,
All in the lovelight
Of Jesus' face;

Into the city I'd follow
The children's band,
Waving a branch of the palm tree
High in my hand;

[1] Copyright. Used by permission of The Sunday School Union.

One of his heralds,
  Yes, I would sing
Loudest hosannas!
  Jesus is King!

Tell me, in accents of wonder,
  How rolled the sea,
Tossing the boat in a tempest
  On Galilee!
And how the Master,
  Ready and kind,
Chided the billows
  And hushed the wind.

Reading and Dramatization: [1]

Scene I. In His Father's House

(Simple setting, background of screens, or dark curtains, several chairs or stools, table, and any special pieces suggestive of Eastern life. Costumes —long straight robes, girded up at waist with a cord. Headdress—a square of cloth fastened about the head with a heavy cord. Father might lean on a staff. Father and two sons enter; father and elder son appear to be talking together about some matter of business—younger son draws apart, looks discontented.)

Reader (at side). There once lived a wealthy man who had two sons whom he loved dearly. The elder son was quiet and industrious and helped his father in his business, but the younger son caused his father much anxiety. He was dissatisfied, cared nothing for his father's interests and desired only to have a good time. He thought that if he could only get away from home with plenty of money, he would be quite happy. He never considered his father's happiness or felt any responsibility for the plans that had been made for him.

(Elder son leaves room, younger son approaches father.)

Son. Father, I am not happy at home. I want to go out into the world and live my life as I please. Will you give me my share of the property, so that I may depart?

[1] In place of the dramatization, the story of The Prodigal Son as given in the Appendix might be used.

Father. Son, it grieves me much to hear you say these words. Have I been unkind to you in any way, that you should wish to leave me?

Son. Nay, father, you have been most generous; but it is so dull here, I am weary of it all. I want to go to the great city where I may see life and do something for myself. There is nothing interesting in this small place, and you and my brother talk nothing but stupid business. I am tired of hearing how the barley harvest is going, or of the report from the last caravan to Damascus. I want to live my own life.

Father. It shall be as you wish. *(Claps hands. Servant enters.)* Jabez, bring me my scrip. *(To son.)* It is fortunate that the last caravan arrived but yesterday with the money for the barley and olives they sold to the city merchants, so that I can make up the amount which is your share of my estate. *(Counts money.)* Here are five talents of gold, half of my property. God prosper you, my son, and here, take this ring, and when thou goest to the city, show it to Eleazer, the brass merchant. He has long been my friend, and may help you on your way for my sake.

Son. I thank you, my father. Some day I will return, great and wealthy and traveled; then you will be glad that you let me have my chance to fare forth into the world.

Father. Peace be with you, my dear son. *(Kisses him.)*

Son (impatient to be gone). And to you *(oriental salutation, touching forehead, heart and knees, as he bows before his father. Leaves room hastily.)*

Father (raises hands in prayer). O Jehovah, Lord of thy people, guard thou this foolish one as he wanders in far places. Bring him back safely, I pray thee, to a loving father's arms. *(Exit.)*

Reader. The son took his share of his father's wealth and went away to a far country, where no one from home was likely to see him or know what he was doing. Here he spent all his money in wild and reckless living, finding out, in time, that when his money was gone his new-found friends disappeared also. He soon found himself alone and friendless in a strange land.

To make matters worse, a great famine came upon the land. Every one was hungry. It was very difficult to secure grain and food supplies from other countries in those days; so the people suffered greatly. Among them was the young man who had journeyed so far from his home and real friends. In great distress he sought food and help from a citizen, who, in order to get rid of him, told him to go into the fields and help feed his swine.

Now these animals were regarded as unclean by his people, but the wanderer was so hungry and miserable that he was glad to accept the offer and to share in the husks that were thrown to the swine.

In his despair and misery he thought of his father and the comfortable home he had left so thoughtlessly. Even his father's servants had plenty of good food and lived in the midst of abundance. He could never hope to take his old place there; but if he might serve about the old home, perhaps they would allow him to stay. "How many servants of my father," he said, "have bread enough and to spare, while I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am not worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy servants.'" (*Curtain.*)

Scene II. Outside Father's House

Background of screens or curtains—stage bare.

(Enter son in tattered rags.)

Son (*walking slowly, looking down, and leaning on staff*). Alas, what if my father should be angry and turn me aside. He would be quite right to refuse me shelter, even though I worked for my bread as a servant.

(Enter Father from opposite side rapidly.)

Father. My son, my son! from afar I saw thee and came to bid thee welcome!

Son (falls on knees before father). Father, I have sinned before heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me, I pray thee, as one of thy hired servants.

Father (*takes his hands*). Nay, my son arise. Thou hast brought joy to thy father's heart in that thou hast returned to him in thy distress. (*Calls to servant in distance.*) Jabez! Jabez! prepare fine raiment for this my son who has returned to our house; bring me a chain of gold to put around his neck. A great feast of rejoicing shall be prepared, for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

(Puts arm about son, helps him off stage.)

Prayer: Our Father in heaven, we thank thee that thou dost love us, every one. In spite of mistakes and foolishness, of disobedience and thoughtlessness, thy love abides, constant and everlasting. Keep us ever true to thee in our lives and in love and gratitude. Bless those children of thine who have wandered away from thee, and help them to understand thy great love and the joy of returning to thee. Amen.

Hymn:

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens,
God is wisdom, God is love.

Refrain

Children praise him, children praise him!
Praise him for his wondrous love.

He with earthly care entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth,
God is wisdom, God is love.[1]

Offering Service as in first program.

THIRD SERVICE

The Heavenly Father's Care

Quiet Music: "How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care" (Carols).

Call to Worship:

Hear us, our Father, we know thou wilt hear us;
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, beside us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

—*Anon.*

The Lord's Prayer.

We thank our loving Father, God,
Who gives us everything;
Who sends the sunshine and the showers,
And makes rich harvest spring.
He clothes the lilies of the field,
He feeds each bird and beast;
And all may share his tender care,
The greatest and the least.[2]

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[1] From "Songs and Services in the Junior Church School," by Josephine L. Baldwin. Copyright 1926. Published by the Abingdon Press. Used by permission.

[2] *Ibid.*

Responses (memory selection): Matthew 6: 25-33, to be repeated in concert or responsively.

Leader: Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than food and the body than raiment? Behold the birds of the heaven that they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; and your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they?

Response: And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto the measure of his life?

Leader: And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Response: Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

All: But seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Story:

We do not quite understand all the ways in which our Heavenly Father cares for his people and for his world, because, although people have been learning about God ever since the very beginning, there still remains a great deal that we do not know yet.

He cares for us partly by sending us such necessary things as day and night, and spring, summer, autumn and winter; partly by placing within our reach food and materials for clothing and homes. Then, too, he provides for us kind and loving friends, and puts it in the hearts of many people to show kindness and to work together for the good of all.

In addition to these evidences of his care, we know that he stays with us all the time, and many people have found that he has been very near them in times of distress, and stories of many of these have been written so that others might know of it, too.

Early in the last century, in a modest Scottish home, a father and his son sat together late into the night. In the morning the son was to set out on a long journey, and neither knew whether they would meet in that little cottage again.

Few words were spoken, for they were not given to expressing their feelings overmuch, and we may imagine that some of the time was spent in silence. But as the night wore on, the father took from the mantel the family Bible and read very slowly, as if each word for him were fraught with treasured meaning, the hundred and twenty-first Psalm. How those words, expressing what the Psalmist knew about God in the time of long ago, rang through the quiet air of that parting night! (The story-teller reads or repeats the Psalm.)

In the strength of that faith David Livingstone and his father said good-by in the early morning, and in the remembrance of it David Livingstone lived through many long years, during which God cared for him as he faithfully carried the story of the great Heavenly Father to the black races in Africa and fought the heartless slave trade.

Through all the years when he traveled through the wilderness, or founded mission stations, or taught the people, he was conscious of that Presence with him. It was not an easy life that he had undertaken. Dangers abounded on every hand and sickness came to him often. But his courage was equal to every test.

At first when he went into some of the villages he found that the natives were very suspicious of all white men, because the slave traders who carried off their people were the only white men they knew. But bit by bit they came to trust him as he lived among them. At one time there came a great test of their faith in him and of his worthiness to be trusted. He was a long distance in the interior of Africa at a time when his supplies were low. Word came that a steamer with supplies would arrive at a certain port in a few months' time. It was very necessary to reach the coast in time to meet it, and besides, Livingstone was anxious to send letters and messages to his children and friends in England. He needed a great many men to carry food and equipment and to guard against robbers and brigands on the way. It was a very long journey through tribes hostile to the people with him. Some of those who knew him best were very willing to go, but more were needed. The men hesitated because they were afraid Livingstone would go on the steamer and they could never get home again by themselves.

But Livingstone promised: "I will come back, and bring you back with me. I promise, and you know I always keep my word."

"It is so," they said. "Bwana always does what he says. We will go."

So they started with him on the long and dangerous journey. On the way Livingstone became very ill with fever. Difficulties of all sorts befell them. He was still very ill when they reached the coast, and his friends begged him to go home to England for a rest.

"Come to England with us," they said. "You are ill and the sea voyage would do you good. You will never make the journey back through that fever-stricken land. Isn't it better to see your friends and children, to be taken care of so that you may live many more years to carry on your work than to keep your word to a few savages like these?"

If David Livingstone ever needed God's help, surely he needed it then. We may be sure he received it, for he kept his word. He said good-by to his white friends and started back on that long journey, meeting again with sickness and attacks by bands of robbers and by wild beasts. But it was worth while, for it won the hearts of the black men. For long years every white man who went into the parts of Africa where Livingstone had been received a hearty welcome because of his life among these people. And many of them came to know God through him.

One night when Livingstone was worn with sickness and travel, he knelt beside his cot in communion with God. As he knelt there, he was taken to his heavenly home, to be forever with the great Father who through all the years, through danger and sickness and trouble, had indeed been his keeper, neither slumbering nor sleeping, but granting strength and courage for the great task of opening up Darkest Africa.

Prayer: Dear Father,

"We know not where thine islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond thy love and care." Amen.

Hymn:

How strong and sweet my Father's care,
That round about me, like the air,
Is with me always, everywhere
He cares for me.

O keep me ever in thy love,
Dear Father, watching from above;
And let me still thy mercy prove,
And care for me.[1]

Offering Service as in first service.

FOURTH SERVICE

His Great Commandments: The Heavenly Father's Will

Quiet Music: "Largo" (Handel).

Call to Worship:

Hear us, our Father! we know thou wilt hear us;
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, beside us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.—*Anon.*

The Lord's Prayer.

Hymn:

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

—*Frederick W. Faber.*

Leader: For three Sundays we have been thinking about our Heavenly Father, and have thought especially of his love and care. To-day in our worship let us think of his will for us. Just as the younger son could not

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[1] Copyright by the John Church Company. Used by permission.

share in the life at home while he was away from his father and disobeying him, so we cannot expect to be happy unless we obey our Heavenly Father. Jesus has told us of God's will.

Responses.

Leader: Let us repeat some of the verses Jesus spoke about his will: (Memory selection.)

"This is my commandment, that ye should love one another as I have loved you."

Juniors: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them."

All: "And Jesus said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Leader: Every one therefore that heareth these words of mine and doeth them shall be likened unto a wise man who built his house upon the rock, and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon the rock.

Juniors: And every one that heareth these words of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof.

Simple Dramatization for Worship Use: [1]

Scene I. The Jericho Road

(Stage bare, curtains or screen for background.)

Reader: A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, who both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

(Screen or curtain concealing platform or stage should be withdrawn, revealing wounded man lying on floor. Typical Eastern costume—white robe and headdress, without coat which has been taken by the robbers. As the reader continues, priest and Levite in turn enter and pass by the wounded man, who moans and calls for help.)

Reader: And by chance a certain priest was going down that way, and

[1] In place of the dramatization, the story of the Good Samaritan as given in the Appendix may be used.

when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came to where he was.

(Samaritan enters.)

Samaritan: What is this? A man in distress and sore wounded! Robbers at work again; they have respect for no one. *(Kneels by the man, raises his head.)* Art badly hurt, friend?

Traveler: O, help me, I beseech thee! Thieves fell upon me and beat me. They have taken my scrip and cloak and left me here to die.

Samaritan: I will help thee, friend. *(Goes to side of stage, gets wine from his pack; raises traveler to sitting position.)* Here friend, drink this. It will revive thee. *(Traveler drinks.)* Let me bind thy wounds. *(Bandages his head and arm.)* Art feeling better? *(Helps him to his feet.)* Canst get to this beast of mine? I will take thee to an inn where thou wilt be cared for. *(They go toward exit.)*

(Screen or curtain.)

Scene II. The Inn

(Innkeeper by table, several travelers enter. Table, stools—curtain or screen in background.)

Inkeeper: Peace be unto you. *(Salutes, touching head, heart, and knees.)*

Travelers (saluting): And to you.

Inkeeper: Hast thou prospered in thy business, friend, since last ye did sojourn under this roof?

First Traveler: Yea, though we have lost somewhat heavily through robbery lately. The Jericho road is no longer safe to travel. It is beset by another gang of thieves, and our customers hesitate to trust their goods to us.

Second Traveler: Yea, we did well to get through our journey safely. Only last week Hilkiah was attacked as he went to Jerusalem with fresh olives. He had a strong caravan with him, and managed to beat the robbers off, but he has remained in Jerusalem and hesitates to return.

First Traveler (as Samaritan enters, helping wounded man): More trouble on the Jericho road, methinks. A Jew, and a Samaritan helping him! Come, Eleazer, we will go, lest he speak to us. We Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. *(Exeunt, scornfully.)*

Samaritan (to innkeeper, who approaches him): Peace be unto you.

Canst care for a wounded man? Help me get him to yonder bench. Yea, he was wounded by robbers on the Jericho road, and left to die. I brought him hither on my beast. Care tenderly for him. Here is money for thy pains, and if the cost is more, when I come this way again, I will repay thee. (*Salutes.*)

Wounded Man (*feebly*): May the Lord bless thee for thy kindness.

(*Exit Samaritan.*)

Innkeeper: A good man, that Samaritan, ever ready to do a good turn. Scarce a week but he helps some poor traveler who is in need. Come, my friend, to a quiet room, where my servants will attend thee. (*Helps traveler to his feet.*)

(*Exeunt.*)

Prayer: Our Father, we thank thee that Jesus came to tell us of thyself and of thy will for us. Help us always to love thee with all our hearts and strength and souls and minds, and to be neighborly to all. Grant that in some way we may be able to carry out part of thy Great Commission in taking or sending thy message to our neighbors in this and other lands who do not know thee. May thy blessing rest on all thy children this day and always. Amen.

Hymn: "In Christ There Is No East or West." (See page 39.)[1]

Offering Service, as in first program.

[1] Each hymn is printed only once. When it is to be used in other services, only the title is given.

CHAPTER IV

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR NOVEMBER

Theme for the Month: The Father's World

Problems in the Junior Child's Life. Juniors are reaching out into a far larger world than they knew when they were of Primary age. In the Primary Department they received much instruction regarding nature and its Creator which sometimes does not seem to harmonize with the new information they are now gaining. As one child expressed it: "We used to learn in Sunday school that God gives us day and night and things, but now we learn at school that it's just because the world turns around. I guess God hasn't anything to do with it." These programs were prepared to meet this situation. Each program contributes to the answer and to the carrying out of the general aim.

Aim. To lead the children to connect the Heavenly Father with his handiwork, and to realize his direction and care in the things about them; to express gratitude and a willingness to coöperate in his plans for the good of all.

First Service

Our Father at Work in His World

Quiet Music: "Day is Dying in the West."

Call to Worship:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of thee,
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord Most High.

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

Opening Prayer:

We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from thee.

—*George E. L. Cotton.*

Leader: Will —— repeat from memory the very first verse in the Bible? Whose world is this, then? Why? Can you tell of other things that God does for it? Let us read a psalm that tells of God's world and God's glory. Some of you will be able to repeat it from memory.

Memory Responses: Psalm 24: 1-5.

Leader:

The earth is Jehovah's and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.

Juniors:

For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Leader:

Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

Juniors:

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.

All:

He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Bible Reading: Job 37: 5-13.

God thundereth marvelously with his voice;
Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.
For he saith to the snow, Fall thou on the earth;
Likewise to the shower of rain,
And to the showers of his mighty rain.
He sealeth up the hand of every man,
That all men whom he hath made may know it.
Then the beasts go in coverts,

And remain in their dens.
Out of the chamber of the south cometh the storm,
And cold out of the north.
By the breath of God ice is given;
And the breadth of the waters is straitened.
Yea, he ladeth the thick cloud with moisture;
He spreadeth abroad the cloud of his lightning,
And it is turned round by his guidance,
That they may do whatsoever he commandeth them
Upon the face of the habitable world,
Whether it be for correction, or for his land,
Or for loving-kindness, that he cause it to come.

Hymn:

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore

Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

—*Folliott S. Pierpoint.*

Story: We have grown so used to thinking of the world as God's world, and accepting the wonderful things that he has placed in it, that sometimes we forget to appreciate them. We forget that he has given us the winter and the spring, seed-time and harvest, and that he has sent the rain and sunshine and soft winds that make things grow. Even when storms come, with hail and great winds or with snow and icy blasts, we know that they come through the great natural laws of our Heavenly Father. But long ago in our own and other countries, people believed that evil spirits and demons were seeking to harm us through storms and other forces of nature.

One day a Chinese boy, Sun Lee, ran in terror down the street to his home. Everybody began running in all directions. Some hid themselves as best they could; others seized pots and pans of all kinds and ran in the street shouting and beating their kettles and drums. "Louder!" shouted one man. "See, the wild dog has already taken one large mouthful from the sun. Louder! so that we may frighten him away."

So they beat and shouted until they were weary. Gradually the eclipse of the sun, of which they were so frightened, passed away, and the sunshine came out clearly once more. Sun Lee played with his companions again, but in his heart remained a fear that some day the wild dog would come again and that the people might not be able to frighten him away. Then he might swallow the sun and the whole world would be in darkness. How terrible that would be!

How splendid it is that people understand now that these things are quite natural and that they just follow God's laws. Year by year we know more about them through the men and women who study them carefully. The more we learn, the more we wonder at God's great and marvelous ways of working in his world.

Prayer: Our Father, we thank thee that thou hast placed us in thy beautiful world. We thank thee for the wonderful things that surround us, and for the useful things that make it possible for us to live in comfort and happiness. Wilt thou help us to do our share in caring for the things thou hast so bountifully provided and in using them wisely? May thy blessing rest upon the girls and boys of other lands. Grant that they, too, may learn of thee. Amen.

Hymn: "This Is My Father's World."[1]

This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears,
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world,
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world,
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world,
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.
This is my Father's world,
The battle is not done,
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And earth and heaven be one.

Offering Service. The offering for the month may be for some purpose connected with the theme. A short prayer of dedication may follow the taking of the offering, with the class treasurers standing at the front as in the October services.

SECOND SERVICE

Our Father Caring for Growing Things

Quiet Music: "Pilgrims' Chorus" (Wagner), or "Under the Leaves" (Thomë).

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[1] See Appendix for music (page 195). Words and music copyright. Used by permission.

Call to Worship:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of thee,
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord Most High.

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

Opening Prayer:

We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from thee.

—*George E. L. Cotton.*

Leader: Let us read together one of the Psalms that tells us of some of the wonderful things that God has done and is doing every day in the world we see about us.

Responses: Psalm 65: 5b-13.

Leader:

O God of our salvation;
Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are afar off upon the sea:
Who by his strength setteth fast the mountains;
Being girded about with might:
Who stilleth the roaring of the seas,
The roaring of their waves,
And the tumult of the peoples.

Juniors:

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Leader:

Thou visited the earth, and waterest it,
Thou greatly enrichest it,
The river of God is full of water:
Thou providest them grain, when thou hast so prepared the earth.

Juniors:

Thou waterest its furrows abundantly;
Thou settlest the ridges thereof:

Thou makest it soft with showers;
Thou blessest the springing thereof.

Leader:

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of thy wilderness:
And the hills are girded with joy.

All:

The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with grain;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

Hymn: "We Thank Our Loving Father, God." [1]

Leader: God has many wonderful ways of working in the world about us that, perhaps, we've never thought of like little Barbara in this story.

Story: "The Wasted Oak Leaf." [2]

"A pile of newspapers and this bag of rags to be gotten rid of!" remarked Barbara's mother as she slumped them down on the porch where Barbara was working. It was fall house-cleaning time, and Barbara was busily wiping with a damp cloth the glasses of the framed pictures from the walls. On the lawn outside the autumn sun shone brightly, and a flock of blackbirds picked among the leaves scattered on the grass.

"Mother, can't I take the newspapers out in the garden and make a bonfire with them?" Barbara asked. "I've nearly finished with the pictures. I'll be careful. I do so love to burn things."

Mother shook her head: "I don't want them burned. I give them to the Salvation Army man. He sells them to people whose business it is to make brand-new paper out of the pulp of old newspapers. Rags are used in the same way. It would be very wasteful to burn them."

"O, dear! I wish I could this once. Lot's of things are wasted all the time. Just look at all the dead leaves flying around, wasted."

A little whirlwind danced past, flinging a few brown leaves at Barbara's feet. Her voice sounded very whiney, for to tell the truth she was tired of bending over the pictures and felt a trifle cross.

Mother looked at her little daughter in surprise.

"Put the cloth away now, dear," she said. "Run out in the woods and

[1] See page 45.

[2] Copyright by Anna Petit Broomell. Used by permission.

see whether or not the leaves are wasted. Maybe you'll find they are made over just like the newspapers."

As Barbara waded through a pile of crackling leaves that the wind had drifted in by the porch steps and raced across the grass into the woods, she felt quite cheerful again. The woods seemed light and airy, with the branches half bare and every branch shaking down a shower of gold and brown. She stood still to watch a chipmunk scamper across the path in front of her, his little brush of a tail curled over his back and his cheeks bulging with nuts. A large leathery oak leaf turning slowly round and round as it fell, almost touched Barbara's nose. It settled lightly at her feet with a rustle that sounded very much like a sigh.

Barbara leaned over in time to hear a tiny voice say: "You didn't quite hit it, did you?"

The thin, dry voice of Oak Leaf answered: "No, that little girl was in the way. O, well, West Wind will move me again."

Barbara jumped to one side, for she hated to be in the way. Then her curiosity overcame her, and she returned to Oak Leaf.

"Where were you trying to go?" she asked.

"I hoped I would strike the clump of ferns you are almost walking on," it replied. "We have to look out for it; it's rather tender and last winter suffered with the cold. All of us on my branch agreed we would be especially careful to cover it well this year. But, of course, we have all the flowers and ferns to look after as well."

"Tell me," Barbara said eagerly, "do the leaves off the trees really have to keep the plants protected from cold? I thought in the fall leaves just died and fell down to the ground."

"Just died and fell on the ground!" scoffed Oak Leaf. "Much she knows! There is no such thing as just dying in the woods. First, while we're on the branches, we make green food for the trees out of the sunlight and rain; then we cover the ground to keep Jack Frost from running in and out in winter, splitting the earth and tearing the roots of the plants. Thick and soft we cover the ground." Oak Leaf nestled closer into a hollow.

"And then what happens to you?" Barbara questioned.

The goldenrod plume stirred as a late bee settled on it. "Let her look and see for herself what becomes of the leaves," it advised.

"Look under me," "and me," "and me," rustled a dozen voices.

Barbara gathered up a double handful of the loosely scattered crisp oak

leaves and laid them gently on the clump of Maidenhair Fern. Below where they had been she found a mass of damp leaves closely packed together, some oak, some beech, some maple. She discovered when she tried to lift them that they stuck closely together and tore easily when separated.

"Dig deeper," Goldenrod directed when Barbara hesitated.

She found a stick and turned up the mat of wet leaves. Below it lay a mixture of black earth and what looked like skeletons of leaves, with only the veins and stems left. This layer was filled with tiny roots and was damp and cool. Barbara thought it looked like the soil mother always brought from the woods to fill the pots of her beautiful house ferns. She scratched deeper with her stick, turning up only fine, rich dirt, with no trace of leaves. Then the stick struck a stone and she could dig no farther.

"Well," said Oak Leaf, "do you see what becomes of us? Let me tell you, little girl, we don't waste even leaves in the woods."

Leader: This is just one little bit about the ways in which God works and cares for his world. Let us thank him for his wondrous works.

Prayer: Our Father, we thank thee that we have learned a little of the wondrous ways in which thou dost work. The more we find out about thee, the more we love thee, and stand in wonder at thy greatness and goodness. Help us to work according to thy plans that we may carry out thy will. Amen.

Hymn:

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits thy love declare
Where harvests ripen thou art there
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

O thou from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
O, may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all.

—*Christopher Wardsworth.*

Offering Service, as in first service.

THIRD SERVICE

God's Creatures Working with Him

Quiet Music: "God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall" (Carols); or "Traumerei" (Schumann).

Call to Worship:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of thee,
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord Most High.

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

Opening Prayer:

We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from thee.

—*George E. L. Cotton.*

Leader: For this month we have been thinking especially of our Father's world in our worship services. The first Sunday we thought of his creation and guidance of the earth and the other worlds that appear to us daily—the sun, moon, and stars. Last Sunday we spoke of some of his wondrous ways of working among the trees, flowers, and other things about us. To-day for a little time let us think of his creatures great and small, and how they, too, work with him in carrying out his plans, as he cares for them day by day. Jesus tells us of this care in Matthew 10: 29. (To be read aloud by Junior pupil.) "Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father."

Responses (memory selection): Psalm 19.

All:

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handiwork;
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heavens,
And his circuit unto the ends of it;
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

Leader: The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul:
Juniors: The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.
Leader: The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart:
Juniors: The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.
Leader: The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring forever:
Juniors: The ordinances of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether.

All:

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.
Moreover, by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping them there is great reward.

Leader: Who can discern his errors?
Juniors: Clear thou me from hidden faults.
Leader:

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me:

Juniors:

Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be clear from the great transgression.

All:

Let the words of my mouth
And the meditation of my heart
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

Hymn: "This Is My Father's World."[1]

Story: "The Christmas Council of Winter Folks."[2]

On Christmas Eve Ruth had a strange dream. She thought that as she lay in her bed North Wind came along and called her to the Christmas Council of the Winter Folk. The Fluffy Screech Owl explained to her just what it meant.

"On Christmas Eve," he explained, "those of us who are awake in the woods gather under the Mossy Oak, and then when the old year is nearly over we report what we have done for the Great Spirit."

"You mean God?" Ruth asked.

"Yes," he replied, "we call him the Great Spirit. Come, and you shall hear more."

As Ruth approached the Mossy Oak she heard a merry chatter of little squeaks and chirps. Then the Council began. The Barn Owl presided and called on each in turn to tell what he had done for the Great Spirit during the year.

First of all, a sleek little gray bird with white tail feathers flitted from a bush, and Ruth saw that he was a snowbird.

"I have raised a family of four beautiful snowbirds," he chirped. "My wife and I taught them to eat the seeds of weeds that grow on the edges of gardens. Together we have eaten quantities of seeds, and there will not be as many weeds because of us. This is what we have done for the Great Spirit."

A curious little bird walked head first down the trunk of the oak tree. He stopped, still clinging to the rough bark with his toes, and answered: "I have searched in all the cracks of the apple tree trunks and branches for worms and bugs that would spoil the fruit. The orchard had more fair and beautiful apples because I ate their enemies. This is what I have done."

One after another the birds were called and each told of the service he had rendered.

The furry folk were a little afraid of the Owl, but after a little hesitation they came forward.

"I and my seven baby bunnies," began the Rabbit, "have eaten"—

"The farmer's lettuce," squawked a mischievous Red Squirrel overhead.

The Rabbit thumped the ground with his strong hind feet. "Yes, we

[1] See Appendix, page 195.

[2] Copyright. By permission of Anna Pettit Broomell.

may have nibbled a few leaves of lettuce," he admitted. "But this good we have done for the Great Spirit. We have searched for the broad-leaved plantain and dock that grow on the lawn, crowding and killing out the delicate blades of grass. We have eaten the flat leaves of these pests, so that the grass could grow."

"It is good," said the Owl as the Rabbit hopped back to his place.

One by one the animals reported of good that they had done, and then the buds on the plants, trees, and bushes reported that they had worked all summer making the beginnings of leaves and flowers, packing them tight and safe until the warm winds come in the spring. This they had done for the Great Spirit.

Then the Owl turned to Ruth and asked for her report.

Ruth sat thinking for a moment. These little wood folk had accomplished so much that she felt ashamed. She remembered how often she had been cross and objected to doing things her mother had asked of her.

At last she said: "Mr. Barn Owl, I have tried to be a good girl, but I have often failed. Next year I will do better."

Then the Council broke up and went on their way to work again for the loving Father who cares for all.

Ruth never forgot her dream, and as she watched with greater interest the work of the winter and summer folk she saw that they did indeed work with the Heavenly Father who cares for them, and many a time as she watched them she remembered her own promise and tried her best to make that part of her dream come true.

Prayer: Our Father, we thank thee for thy loving care and that thou hast provided something for each of us to do in thy world. Help us to do our work cheerily, day by day, and to appreciate thy creatures great and small. Amen.

Hymn:

The heavens declare thy glory,
  The firmament thy power;
Day unto day the story
  Repeats from hour to hour;
Night unto night replying,
  Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying,
  The wonders of thy hand.

The sun with royal splendor
  Goes forth to chant thy praise;
And moonbeams soft and tender
  Their gentler anthem raise;
O'er every tribe and nation
  That music strange is poured,
The song of all creation,
  To thee, creation's Lord.

All heaven on high rejoices
  To do its Maker's will;
The stars with solemn voices
  Resound thy praises still;
So let my whole behavior,
  Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
  One ceaseless song to thee.

—Thomas R. Birks.

Offering Service, as in first service.

FOURTH SERVICE

Thanksgiving for Our Father's Wise Gifts

Quiet Music: "For the Beauty of the Earth."

Call to Worship:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of thee,
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord Most High.

—Mary A. Lathbury.

Opening Prayer:

We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
  The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
  Their light and glory, come from thee.

—George E. L. Cotton.

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth."

Leader: The hymn we have just sung is a real song of thanksgiving for the beautiful world in which we live.

Years ago, a poet who wrote some of the songs of the Bible thought about these things a great deal, and as a result wrote a beautiful song expressing his feelings. This song was used in the temple worship. Two groups of singers took part, one group making a statement about God and the other making the response, "For his loving-kindness endureth for ever." Let us read it in the same way.

Responses: Psalm 136: 1-9; 25, 26.

Leader: O give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: O give thanks unto the God of gods:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: O give thanks unto the Lord of lords:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: To him who alone doeth great wonders:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: To him that by understanding made the heavens:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: To him that spread forth the earth above the waters:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: To him that made great lights:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: The sun to rule by day:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: The moon and stars to rule by night:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: Who giveth food to all flesh:
Response: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.
Leader: O give thanks unto the God of heaven:
All: For his loving-kindness endureth for ever.

Story. (Use Millet's picture, "The Angelus.")

In a country far from here, every night when the sun went down a sweet bell, called the Angelus, rang from the church. Then all the people stopped their work and, bowing their heads, thanked God, the Father of all, and the Giver of all good things.

One day, in a little town in that country, a father and mother were working out in the field when the Angelus rang. The father had been digging potatoes, and the mother had been putting them into bags. As the bell rang, the father took off his hat and bowed his head. He thanked God for the sunshine and the rain which had made the potatoes grow. He thanked God because he was strong and well and could work for his wife and children. The mother bent her head and clasped her hands, as she thanked God for her dear husband and her little children. She thanked him for giving them their food and clothes and home.

Just as the bell rang that evening a great painter, named Millet, came to the field. He saw the beautiful colors in the sky as the sun went down. He saw the brown field. He saw the far-away spire of the little church, from which the music of the Angelus bell came.

He saw the father and mother stop their work and bow their heads as they thanked God. He saw the wheelbarrow on which were the bags of potatoes that they had been digging. He went back to his home and painted all that he had seen.

(Show picture.) This is the picture that Millet painted of these people thanking God. Would you like to thank him, too, for his care and gifts? For any of the things we have thought of this month in our worship services?

(Let the children make suggestions, then put the prayer in words, and have the children repeat after the leader.)

Hymn:

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

Chorus:

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

He only is the Maker
  Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
  He lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey him,
  By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
  He gives our daily bread.

Chorus.

We thank thee, then, O Father,
  For all things bright and good,
The seedtime and he harvest,
  Our life, our health, our food;
No gifts have we to offer,
  For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
  Our humble, thankful hearts.

—*Mathias Claudius.*

Chorus.

Offering Service, as in first service.

CHAPTER V

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR DECEMBER

Theme for the Month: The Coming of Jesus and Its Significance

Problem in the Junior Child's Life. "Christmas isn't half as nice since we found out about Santa Claus," said a Junior boy. "I'm glad we had him as long as we did, but I wish I didn't know. Isn't there something we could do to sort of make up for losing him?"

There is. The joy of Christmas giving and helping is far greater than the pleasure of receiving, no matter how lovely the gifts; and if we grasp the significance of Christmas giving, it ought to result in a much closer and more tender relationship with our Lord. This is December's opportunity in our Junior Worship.

Aim. To lead the children to a deeper appreciation of the real joys of Christmas, to a better understanding of its meaning, and to more intimate communion with the Lord of all.

First Service

God's Revelation of Himself Through His Son

Quiet Music: "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Call to Worship. (Tune, "This Is My Father's World.")[1]

Come let us sing the praise
  Of Jesus Christ our King;
Who came to earth; his wondrous birth
  Both men and angels sing.
On Galilean shores,
  In places large and small,
He lived a life of matchless worth,
  Revealing God to all.

[1] For music see page 195.

Opening Prayer by leader or group.
Hymn:

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Leader: Each one is busy thinking and planning for the holiday time that is coming. Why do we observe Christmas? (Have some child explain his conception of Christmas.) Yes, it is to celebrate the birth of Jesus. Not long ago we thought about God our Heavenly Father in our worship services, and in one service we thought of how anxious people have always been to find out about God and to get closer to him.

A minister told a story the other day that explained this quite well.

In a certain mine that was tunneled into the sides of a mountain a number of men were working one day when a great explosion took place. Everything was in confusion in the level where the men had been digging. After a time they found that all were safe, but that they were in the dark and hopelessly imprisoned. At last one of the men said: "We've a few tools here; I think we'd better line up in three or four groups and take turns digging our way out."

"But," said another, "we're not sure which way to dig. We can't tell what has happened outside, and we might dig into earth that would cave in on us."

They decided that it was better to try it than to die of suffocation or starvation; so they worked frantically, each lot of men digging until tired, then resting while the next lot took their places.

After a long time, as the men were about to change, one man turned and asked: "What is that sound? Can you hear it?"

"What sound?"

"Listen!"

Then they heard a tap-tap-tapping sound far away.

"Perhaps it is water dripping."

"No, it's not regular enough for that. I believe it is a rescue party digging for us."

And so it was. While they had been digging their way out in such frantic haste, their friends outside had been just as eagerly digging their way in to them, and soon they were out in the sunlight rejoicing together that they had found each other safely.

It has been the same way with people and God. They have been trying to find him and at the same time he has always been trying to reach them so that they might know him better. We can learn about him in some of the ways we have thought of in our worship services lately, but the way in which he reveals himself most clearly is through Jesus, who came to earth to tell people about God and to show them how to know him and

how to live. Before Jesus came, most of the people did not know him very well. If you read the stories of the Old Testament, you will understand how hard they tried, and some of the things they thought about him. Jesus told them for the first time that God is a loving Father, desiring earnestly their best welfare, and anxious to dwell in their hearts. Let us read some verses that tell us of it.

Bible Reading (responsively or in concert): John 1: 1-12; 12: 44, 45; John 3: 16; John 10: 10b.

Leader: In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made through him; and without him was not anything made that hath been made.

Junior: In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness apprehended it not.

Leader: There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for witness that he might bear witness of the light that all might believe through him. He was not the light, but came that he might bear witness of the light.

Juniors: There was the true light even the light that lighteth every man coming into the world.

All: He was in the world, and the world was made through him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe in his name.

Leader: And Jesus cried and said, He that believeth on me believeth not on me, but on him that sent me. And he that beholdeth me beholdeth him that sent me.

Juniors: For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.

All: I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly.

Prayer: O God our Father, we thank thee with all our hearts that Jesus came to show us thy loving Fatherhood. May we feel thy presence with us to-day as we worship thee, and wilt thou walk with us that we may talk to thee and dwell with thee through all the week. Help us to work with thee in the things thou dost want us to do and help us to be strong and true alway. Amen.

Hymn:

Joy to the world! the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their tongues employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Offering Service.—The offering for December may relate to some special project in Christmas giving toward which all may contribute. The choice of this project must necessarily be made locally by each Church or school. The prayer of dedication should include a petition for those who are to receive Christmas cheer and for the permeation of all hearts by the spirit of Christmas.

SECOND SERVICE

The Giving of Gifts on His Birthday

Quiet Music: "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

Call to Worship. (Tune, "This Is My Father's World.")[1]

Come let us sing the praise
Of Jesus Christ our King;
Who came to earth; his wondrous birth
Both men and angels sing.
On Galilean shores,
In places large and small,
He lived a life of matchless worth,
Revealing God to all.

Opening Prayer: by leader or group.

Memory Passage: Luke 2: 8-20, repeated in concert.

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[1] See page 195 for music.

Scripture Reading: Matthew 2: 1, 2, 10, 11 (by leader).

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, Wise Men from the east came to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshiped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Hymn:

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

Chorus:

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again,
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God on high.

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom:
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Alleluia, alleluia!
Earth to heaven replies.

—*John H. Hopkins.*

Chorus.

Leader: Almost every country in the world has set apart by custom certain seasons of the year when gifts are exchanged. I am sure every Junior here is planning to surprise some of his or her friends at Christmas with the nicest gifts that can be prepared and our friends will be remembering us, too. Then our Church is planning to give gifts, and we are having a share in them. Perhaps we may be able to give some of these gifts ourselves, and I am certain that will be the very happiest part of Christmas, because we always have the best time ourselves when we are helping others. And it is the way Jesus asked us to give gifts to him.

Story: "The Christmas Fairies' Gifts."

It was Christmas morning in the great Children's Hospital. The night lights were still burning and it was very quiet, but through the eastern window a rosy glow could be seen over the tops of the near-by buildings. The far-away clatter of a milk wagon broke the stillness; then came the rising crescendo of a street car a block or two away. Undoubtedly it was morning.

Little Rosie O'Neill was wide-awake. She hadn't slept very much anyway, for Rosie was in a plaster cast, having her twisted back straightened. To sleep at all in a plaster cast requires some experience and a great deal of patience, and how could one have a great deal of patience on Christmas morning, when who could tell what might happen?

Nurse Mary had been quite firm the night before. "We must have it quiet in the morning," she had said, "for all of you to have your morning sleep so you'll get well and able to run about soon. I'll hang up a stocking for every one of you down in the nursery, and just as soon as you've had your breakfast, I'll bring them up to you."

"But, nurse," little Willie Major objected, "suppose you made a mistake and brought me a girl's stocking with girl's things in it, maybe a doll or something." His voice was almost a wail.

"Sure, now," Nurse Mary's eyes twinkled, "I'll just look out for that very thing, and if I find a doll in your stocking, Willie, I'll just take it out and give it to some little girl who eats her breakfast up nicely and takes her medicine without even making a face."

And with a smile she tucked them in and bade them good night, hoping they would soon be sound asleep.

Many times during the night, as she gave medicine here and there, or soothed a restless little one who found the night long and tiresome, Nurse Mary had answered the question, "Is it morning yet, Nurse?" by her quiet

"Sh—not yet. Time for another sleep now, or you won't be able to keep awake on Christmas!"

But now, as the eastern light grew rosy and the shadows hid themselves away, one by one they wakened, and from cot to cot the joyous whisper spread: "It's Christmas morning."

If they had known that in the corridor outside stood a lovely Christmas tree ready to be wheeled into the room just as soon as breakfast was over, I doubt if much attention would have been paid to such a mundane affair, but the secret was well kept.

Down in the diet kitchen a dainty little Christmas card was placed on each little tray as it was prepared for the little patients.

"Are there enough to go around?" inquired the nurse, standing in the doorway glancing at the cards. "Aren't you getting extravagant, cards as well as the tree?"

"O, those came from the Junior Red Cross," answered the diet nurse. "All over the county children have been making them, and Miss Cameron, the Red Cross worker who sent them in, says they have enough for every little sick child in the city. And some of the things on the tree came from them, too, though the churches sent a great many gifts. Not a single child will be forgotten."

Breakfast was over at last, and each little Christmas card had been lovingly examined and laid carefully where it could be looked at frequently.

Nurse Mary put her finger to her lips as a dozen pairs of eyes beseeched her to hurry and little voices grew excited.

"Sh!" she said. "It's not stockings this time; it's a surprise. Close your eyes tight. Not a single peep, 'cross your heart and hope to die.' All right, Jean! we're all ready."

Such a queer noise, such a tinkling and swishing and a sound of something heavy being wheeled in. What could it be?

"O, I know," cried one little lad. "I smell it, Nurse; it's a Christmas tree!"

Then every eye was open, and there it stood, reaching up almost to the ceiling, Rosie thought, all covered with shining tinsel and red bells and O, such a lot of mysterious parcels! And a kind-faced lady and O, some really truly fairies, only they looked as big as Rosie's sister, who was ten years old and could read big books.

One of the fairies told the rest of the story after she had gone back to her own Christmas tree at home.

"O mother, I'm so glad Miss Atkinson took us down there. It was just wonderful to see those sick children, some of them too sick to sit up and others able to be lifted out of bed and watch from big chairs. That dressing gown was just the right size for a girl named Rosie, and she put it right on and wore it. Wasn't she proud! And a little fellow named Willie—mother, he has a broken leg and they have a big weight on it. He just loved that jumping jack and the big picture book we made last week. And every one of them just seemed to get the right thing. Then we sang some carols, and Rosie said: "Will the fairies come back again?" She thought we were really truly fairies. But do you know what I thought of, mother? It was of the Wise Men and how they brought gifts to Jesus. I always wished I'd been there to bring gifts, too. But somehow this morning I felt that this was the happiest time I ever had, and that perhaps it was just like giving him things. Anyhow, Miss Atkinson said it was."

Prayer: We thank thee for Christmas time and all its joys. We are glad that Jesus came, and we would try to make our lives like his. Help us to show our happiness by trying to bring joy into the lives of others, and grant that everywhere people may brighten by their love and gifts all hearts that lack this Christmastide. Amen.

Hymn: "O Little Town of Bethlehem." (See page 71.)

Offering Service. (The following dedication hymn might be used for this service.)

Dedication Hymn:

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our Heavenly King.

—*Wiilliam C. Dix.*

THIRD SERVICE

White Gifts for the King

Quiet Music: "Holy Night, Silent Night."

Call to Worship. (Tune, "This Is My Father's World.")[1]

Come let us sing the praise
Of Jesus Christ our King,
Who came to earth: his wondrous birth
Both men and angels sing.
On Galilean shores,
In places large and small,
He lives a life of matchless worth,
Revealing God to all.

Opening Prayer: by leader or group.

Memory Scripture: Luke 2: 8-20, in unison.

And there were in the same country shepherds adibing in the field, keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth, peace, good-will to men.

And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and

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[1] See page 195 for music.

see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child. And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them.

Dramatization:

(Curtain or screen drawn back reveals Mary seated by manger, with Joseph standing beside her, the star in the background. Joseph's costume as in the Prodigal Son, Mary with a long scarf over her head, fastened somewhat after the manner of a Red Cross cap. Long, dark, loose dress—wide sleeves. The tableau continues through the singing of hymn.)

Hymn:

Holy night, peaceful night,
All is dark, save the light
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep
O'er the Babe, who in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holiest night,
Darkness flies, all is light,
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
Alleluia! hail the King;
Christ the Saviour is here,
Jesus the Saviour is here.

(At the close of the second stanza of hymn, shepherds come in processional from rear of room, singing with the Department the last stanza of hymn.)

Silent night, holiest night,
Wondrous star, lend thy light;
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King,
Christ the Saviour is here,
Jesus the Saviour is here.

(Shepherds kneel at one side of manger.)
(Department sings.)

Silent night, holiest night,
Guiding Star, lend thy light;
See the eastern Wise Men bring
Gifts and homage to our King;
Christ the Saviour is here,
Jesus the Saviour is here.

—*Joseph Mohr.*

(Processional of wise men with gifts—rich oriental costumes. Large squares of velvet, or silk, or rich striped curtain material makes a good robe.)
(Wise men sing)

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

Chorus:

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

—*John H. Hopkins.*

(Department sings chorus, as wise men kneel by manger and present their gifts.)

Hymn: "Away in a Manger."

(While shepherds and wise men take their places at back of platform behind Mary and Joseph, Mary sings this hymn softly.)

Offering of Gifts. (Each class in turn may come to platform and lay gifts in or about the manger.)

Prayer: We may not bring thee gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to lay at thy feet as the wise men of old, but, dear Lord, what we have we give willingly and gladly to those who need, as unto thee who hast said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Accept these gifts, O Lord, and use them to make others happy. Come very near to us as we dedicate our hearts and lives to thee. Amen.

(As a *closing hymn* the department might use "Joy to the World" or "O Little Town of Bethlehem.")

FOURTH SERVICE

The Gift of Service

Quiet Music: "Serenade" (Schubert).
Call to Worship. (Tune, "This Is My Father's World.")[1]

Come, let us sing the praise
Of Jesus Christ our King,
Who came to earth; his wondrous birth
Both men and angels sing.
On Galilean shores,
In places large and small,
He lived a life of matchless worth,
Revealing God to all.

Opening Prayer, by leader or group.
Hymn:

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star;
Watchman, doth its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

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[1] See page 195 for music.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

—*John Bowring.*

(Leader may recall the giving service of the previous Sunday, and give a report of what was done with the gifts, or ask one of the Juniors to tell about it, if representatives of the children had a share in the distribution.)

Scripture Reading (by leader or by a specially prepared group): part of "The Parable of the Judgment Day" (Matt. 25: 31-40).

Story: "The Other Wise Man."

Leader's Introductory Statement: A beautiful story has been written about the search of the Wise Men for Christ.

Many long years ago, about the time that the star appeared in the east to proclaim the greatest event the world had yet known, a group of astrologers, or wise men, gathered at the home of Artaban, the Magian, in a royal city of far-off Persia, to discuss its meaning.

It was a beautiful home set in a fair garden. The room in which the Council met was exquisitely arranged as a sort of temple in which was worshiped the sacred fire, a symbol to them of the great Power which we call God.

Artaban had heard of several great Hebrew prophecies foretelling the birth of a mighty world ruler about this time, and so interpreted the appearance of the bright new star. He was so convinced of this that he had exchanged everything he possessed for three splendid jewels which he might lay at the feet of the new-born King. He was ready to commence the journey to find him as soon as the star indicated by its splendor that the great event had really taken place. Ten days' journey across the desert, three Magi, his friends, would await him, and together they would journey to find the King.

The Parthian wise men, who were his guests, argued long with him, convinced that he was mistaken, but they could not shake his purpose, and finally left him to what appeared to them to be his folly.

At dawn, the sign came, as the star blazed forth in greater glory, and Artaban, with his jewels in his bosom, mounted his horse and commenced his long journey.

He had almost reached the meeting place where he was to join his friends, when his horse suddenly stopped beside a grove of trees. On the ground lay a man apparently dead. He was a Hebrew slave, and as Artaban turned to leave him, showed signs of breathing. At the risk of missing his friends, Artaban waited and ministered to him, losing many precious hours.

"Why didst thou, a stranger, give me back my life?" The sick man spoke for the first time.

Then Artaban told him who he was and the reason for the long journey he had undertaken, and that he must not stay longer or he would be too late to join his friends. The slave called down upon him the blessing of the great God of the Hebrews, and directed him to the little town of Bethlehem as the place where the great King was to be born.

Artaban thanked him and hastened on, only to find that the others had gone and that he must return to the nearest city, there to provide himself with a caravan and provisions to follow them. There, too, he parted with one of the three jewels in order to buy his equipment, and disappointed, but with a heart still burning with hope, he journeyed across the desert to the great Jewish homeland.

It was a long journey, burning hot by day and uncomfortably cold at night, full of danger, but at last the walls and towers of Damascus shone in the early morning light and beyond them rose the great mountains of Lebanon. Down through the foothills of Galilee he journeyed, through the fertile plains of Samaria, until the great limestone ridges of Judea came in sight. It was but a short distance then to the little town of Bethlehem, where his search was to be rewarded.

Here he found that the King had indeed been born, Jesus, the son of Mary. He had been visited by his freinds who had presented unto him gifts of gold, and frankincense and myrrh; but, because of some secret warning, the child had been taken away, to Egypt, it was rumored, and his friends, the Wise Men, had also disappeared.

Just then the cruel order of Herod, the jealous king, that all the children of Bethlehem should be killed, was put into effect and the village was in confusion. Artaban was visiting a little cottage in which a mother had just sung her child to sleep. Up the street the soldiers came. The mother shrank in terror into a corner of the cottage, but Artaban calmly awaited

them in the dooway, sacrificing his second jewel to the greedy captain to save the life of the little child.

Again Artaban's heart was disappointed as he looked at his one remaining jewel and thought of his sacred quest. But the mother, weeping for joy, with her child clasped to her bosom, asked that the great God of all might bless him and prosper him for his mercy.

So Artaban went to Egypt and searched for the king, coming back again to Jerusalem and going throughout all places where he thought he might find him. At first he went among great buildings and palaces, but without success. At length, one more far-seeing than the rest advised him to look in humbler places. "For," said he, "the King is not coming to rule a great nation, but to set up a reign of love in the hearts of all men. You will be most likely to find him where he is needed most."

So in the slave markets and prisons, in crowded streets and in the homes of the poor, he looked for the King. He did not find him, but the need of the people touched his heart and he helped them in their distress. Countless sufferers blessed him and prisoners found hope again as he cheered and comforted them, and the years sped quickly by.

At length, when he was an old man, he decided to go once more to the great Passover at Jerusalem, where gathered once a year all the Jews of the world who could possibly make the journey to celebrate the great feast. When he arrived, the city was full of excitement, with great crowds thronging to the northern gate of the city.

He found that the cause of it all was the execution of three prisoners outside the city wall, and that one of them was the King for whom he had searched so many years.

"At last," he said to himself, "I have found him. Perchance I may be in time to ransom him with my last jewel. It may be that I have been guided all these years, that I might save his life in this hour of danger."

But ere he reached the gate, his great heart was touched once more by human need. A girl of his own people was held captive by a group of Roman soldiers, and as they approached him, she recognized him as a friend and threw herself at his feet.

"God forgive me," he said to himself as he placed his last jewel in her hand and bade her buy her freedom. "I have no gifts left with which to ransom the King."

But her voice was lifted in gratitude as she left her rough captors and turned to accompany Artaban as he turned away with bowed head.

Just then a great earthquake shook the city and a part of the wall crashed to the ground. Artaban was stricken down by a falling stone.

As she bent over him, he spoke as though in answer to an unheard voice, with wonder and joy in his face. Then the voice came again. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Peace fell upon his tired heart as his eyes closed gently for the last time. His quest was ended. Artaban had presented his gifts at last to his King, and they had been accepted with his life.

Prayer: Dear Heavenly Father, we thank thee that Jesus came and ministered unto those in need. We all need thee, and we often need help from each other. When we receive help, grant that we may receive it as from thee; and when we are able to give, help us to serve humbly and gladly. And may we have thee with us ever, for our need of thee is always great. Amen.

Hymn:

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

—*Frederick W. Faber.*

Offering Service.—Presentation of offering as usual, with short prayer of dedication.

CHAPTER VI

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR JANUARY

Theme for the Month: Prayer

Problem in the Junior Child's Life.—Junior prayers too often become a formal repetition of memorized phrases. Bedtime or morning prayers are hurried over with little or no thought of their meaning or of real devotion. In public services, prayers so often lead adults rather than children in worship. And this most important phase of the deeper religious life is not developed, and the child grows up unconscious of the power and comfort of daily communion with God.

Aim.—To help the Junior understand what prayer is and to enter into the satisfaction of communing with God, of living in his presence; to help him realize also some fundamental truths about prayer.

First Service

Communion with God

(Talking with God)

(Picture, "Jesus in Gethsemane.)

Quiet Music: "In a Monastery Garden" (Ketelby).

Call to Worship:

Hear us, our Father, we know thou wilt hear us,
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, about us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

—*Anonymous.*

Lord's Prayer.

Leader: A Junior boy rushed home from school the other day, ran breath-

lessly into the house, calling, "Mother, O mother, what do you suppose happened to-day? The greatest things you ever heard! I'm first on the Honor Roll, and the teacher showed my report to the Principal, and he said, 'That's very well done, James. We're proud of pupils like you,' and that wasn't all. On the way home I met Uncle Jim, and when he saw the card, he said, "Well, namesake, we'll have to celebrate such a report as that! How about a motor trip Saturday afternoon?' O mother, isn't it lovely?"

He could scarcely wait to talk it all over with his mother, who, he knew, was happy in his success, just as his uncle was.

On the very same day, another boy came quietly home from school. Something had gone very wrong. He met his father, who noticed the downcast face. "What's the matter, son?" he asked. The boy told him of failure and misunderstanding and of a mistaken action of which he was ashamed.

The father put his arm about his shoulder. "Never mind, son; we all fail sometimes. Next time you'll manage it better, I'm sure." And the boy was comforted because his father understood.

Sometimes it is father or mother, sometimes a chum or friend with whom we like to talk over our successes or failures, our ambitions and dreams of the future, or perhaps just something we enjoyed or disliked. It is a great help to us if we find them sympathetic and ready to listen. But sometimes they are busy with their own interests, and our joy is lessened because they do not listen to us.

When Jesus lived among men, he had the same experience. He had twelve friends who went about with him, with whom he could talk; but he found that they did not always understand or want to hear what he had to say, and sometimes when he needed them most they disappointed him. But he had another friend who always listened, always was glad or sorry with him, and always helped him, especially when he felt the need of help most urgently. We read very many times that Jesus went away into a mountain or into a desert place to talk with God. He always came back strong and happy, with courage for everything that came to him. No doubt he talked to him often when he was in the city or walking through the country with his disciples, or when he was on the Sea of Galilee; but he liked to talk to him, quietly, too, where no one could interrupt. Long years after Jesus lived, a great artist painted a picture, showing his conception of Jesus at prayer. (Show picture of "Jesus in Gethsemane.") Just before Jesus was arrested and taken to his trial, he and his disciples went apart into a beautiful garden. He asked them to stay with him, but they were tired and fell

asleep. Then Jesus went off by himself to speak to God, about the work he still had to do. Perhaps he felt that he had failed and was bitterly discouraged. We know that he went back brave and dauntless and serene, and that he never faltered or showed any sign of wavering through the difficult days that followed.

He helped us know that we, too, may talk things over with God, at any time, and that we may always be sure that he will listen. He will rejoice with us, or sympathize with us in trouble. He will strengthen us, and make us brave. He will help us to be a friend to others as he is to us. Sometimes we like to speak to him quietly by ourselves, sometimes we like to speak to him with others in our homes or Church or in our department. Let us speak to him together now.

Prayer:

Leader: For thy friendship and love, thy constant presence with us through each and every day of life—

Response: We thank thee, our Father.

Leader: For thy sympathy and encouragement in trouble, for thine approval and joy in our successes,

Response: We thank thee, our Father.

Leader: For thy greatness and power, thy majesty and might, and yet thy nearness and thy friendliness to us,

Response: We thank thee, our Father.

Leader: So with our joys and sorrows, with our tales of the day's happenings, already known to thee, we come to thee, our Father. In all the events of our days in home or school or at play,

Response: Be near us, Lord.

Leader: And when we draw apart, in our morning watch or in quiet times to talk to thee,

Response: Be near us, Lord.

Leader: In our worship here together, and in our church service, and when we worship with others in our homes,

Response: Be near us, Lord.

Hymn:

Father, lead me day by day,
Ever in thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true;
Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me strong;
Help me serve thee all day long;
Keep me safely by thy side;
Let me in thy love abide.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

ALTERNATE SERVICE FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN JANUARY

The Prayer of Appreciation.

Quiet Music: "In a Monastery Garden" (Ketelby).
Call to Worship (to be sung as a prayer):

Hear us, our Father, we know thou wilt hear us,
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, about us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

Love us, our Father, we know thou wilt love us;
We are thy children, we turn unto thee;
For all around us, within us, above us,
Proofs of his infinite kindness we see.

—*Anonymous.*

Responses: A Song of Thanksgiving (Psalm 104: 1-14).
Leader:

Bless Jehovah, O my soul,
Bless Jehovah my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;

Juniors:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers;
Flames of fire his ministers:
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved forever.

Leader:

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away,
The mountains rose, the valleys sank down
Unto the place which thou hast founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.

Juniors:

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains;
They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the birds of the heavens have their habitation;
They sing among the branches.

All:

He watereth the mountains from his chambers:
The earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
The herb for the service of man;
That he may bring forth food out of the earth.

Hymn: "O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea."

Leader: Last month, during the Christmas season, we thought a great deal about Jesus and what his coming meant to us. One of things Jesus taught his followers was the need of speaking often to our Heavenly Father. Usually we call it prayer. This will be the theme of our worship services for this month. There are many reasons why we like to talk to God or to Jesus, some of which we will talk over in our services. One reason is that we like to praise and to thank him for his good gifts, as the Psalmist did in the responsive psalm that we read to-day. We have often spoken about his gifts of food and clothes, of friends and shelter and good times for which we like to thank him often. Many of our best gifts have come to us because of Jesus' life and teaching, and our story to-day tells of some of these.

Story: "If I Had Not Come."

It was Christmas eve; and after Bobby had carefully hung his stocking by the fireplace he went off to bed. Usually Bobby did not like to go to bed early, but to-night he was eager to get to sleep so as to be sure to wake up early to see his gifts.

For their daily Bible lesson that day Bobby and his father had read Jesus' own words to his friends, found in John 15: 22. Five words had stayed in Bobby's mind, and he kept saying them over and over until he fell asleep. They were the words, " If I had not come."

It seemed as if he had not been asleep any time when a cross, harsh voice said: "Get up! Get up! I tell you! It's time to get up!"

Thinking about the skates he wanted, the flashlight, the motor, and the books for which he'd been wishing, Bobby got up and hurried into his clothes and went downstairs. But all was still. No one was there to greet him; no stocking hung beside the fireplace; no wreaths were in the windows; no splendid tree was there.

Hurrying to the door Bobby looked down the street. The factory was open, and he could hear the rumble of machinery. He grabbed his toque and sweater and raced down the street to the factory door, and there stood a grim-looking foreman.

"What's the factory running for on Christmas?" asked Bobby.

"Christmas?" asked the man. "What do you mean? I never heard that word. This is one of our busy days, so clear out of here."

Filled with wonder, Bobby hurried on down the street toward the stores, and to his amazement he found them all open. The grocer, the drygoods man, and the baker, each one was busy, and cross, and each one said in reply to his question, "Christmas? What's Christmas?"

When Bobby tried to explain, "It's Jesus' birthday, and the first part of the word Christmas means Jesus," he was gruffly ordered to move along, as this was a "very busy day."

Going around a corner, he thought: "I'll go to our Church, our own Church, for there's going to be a Christmas service there." All at once Bobby stopped short before a big vacant field, and he mumbled to himself: "I guess I'm lost. I was certain our Church was here. I know it was." Then he noticed a signboard in the center of the big vacant lot, and on going nearer to read the words, "If I had not come."

Suddenly the meaning of it all dawned on the puzzled boy, and he said: "O, I know; 'If I had come'—that's why there's no Christmas Day nor any church."

He was wandering along in a gloomy way, when he thought of the box of toys and games his class had sent to the Orphans' Home, and he said half-aloud: "I guess I'll go up to the Home and see the children get their presents." But when Bobby reached the place, instead of seeing the name of the Home over the gateway, he read those same five words, "If I had not come," and beyond the archway there was no fine building.

Seeing an old man, feeble and ill, by the roadside, Bobby said: "I guess you are sick, mister. I'll run to the hospital and tell them to send an ambulance for you." But when he reached the grounds no splendid buildings were to be seen, nothing but signs and posters bearing the words, "If I had not come."

Thinking still about the poor old man, Bobby hurried home to ask his father and mother to help him. On his way across the living room he waited to look up in a Bible those words, "If I had not come." Turning past all the pages of the Old Testament, he found that there was no new part. After Malachi all the pages were blank, and as he held them up to the light on each one he could see a faint outline of the words, "If I had not come."

With a sigh, Bobby said: "O, what a terrible world this is! no Christmas, no churches, no homes for little orphan children, no hospitals, no Rescue Mission, no almshouses, nothing but jails and gambling places and police patrols and sickness and wrong and"—

Just then there came the sound of bells. The chimes were playing. Bobby listened, and, sure enough, it was his favorite hymn, "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come!" and he heard his mother's cheery voice saying, "Merry Christmas, Bobby!"

With a joyous sound Bobby was out of bed and, kneeling down, he said: "O Lord Jesus, I thank you that you did come; and I'll show you how thankful I am by always trying to be the kind of boy I know you want me to be."[1]

Prayer: Our Father, we thank thee for all thy gifts and for thy laws that help us learn how to live. But we thank thee most of all for sending Jesus Christ and for the things he taught. Help us to grow like him every day and help us to love and appreciate all things worth while. Amen.

Leader: Let us repeat the prayer Jesus taught his disciples.

Lord's Prayer.

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[1]From "Stories of Long Ago," by Nan F. Weeks. Published by American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.

used Dec. 4, 1932.

Prayer Hymn:

Teach us, dear Lord, to pray,
To love thee as we should,
To know thy presence, speak with thee
In trust and gratitude.

Teach us to know thy ways,
To live so close to thee
That thy companionship and strength
May guide us constantly.

Offering Service. When the treasurers or stewards bring the offering to the front, one of the beautiful offering hymns from Junior Carols might be sung by the entire group of children. Where possible the children should have a voice in deciding the purpose for which the offering is to be used.

SECOND SERVICE

Prayer in Time of Need

Quiet Music: "Traumerei" (Schumann) or "To a Wild Rose" (MacDowell).

Call to Worship (to be sung as a prayer):

Hear us, our Father, we know thou wilt hear us,
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, about us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

Love us, our Father, we know thou wilt love us,
We are thy children, we turn unto thee;
For all around us, within us, above us,
Proofs of his infinite kindness we see.

—*Anonymous.*

Responses (from Psalm 25).

Leader: Our responses to-day are taken from a prayer offered by a great Hebrew leader.

Unto thee, O Jehovah, do I lift up my soul.
O my God, in thee have I trusted.

Juniors:

Show me thy ways, O Jehovah;
Teach me thy paths.

Leader:

Guide me in thy truth and teach me;
For thou art the God of my salvation,
For thee do I wait all the day.

Juniors:

Remember, O Jehovah, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses;
For they have been ever of old.

Leader:

Remember not the sins of my youth nor my transgressions;
According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me,
For thy goodness' sake, O Jehovah.

All:

Good and upright is Jehovah:
Therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.
The meek will he guide in justice,
And the meek will he teach his way,
All the paths of Jehovah are lovingkindness and truth
Unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

Hymn:

O Son of Man, thou madest known,
Through quiet work in shop and home,
The sacredness of common things,
The chance of life that each day brings.

O Workman true, may we fulfill
In daily life thy Father's will;
In duty's call, thy call we hear
To fuller life, through work sincere.

Thou Master Workman, grant us grace
The challenge of our tasks to face;
By loyal scorn of second best,
By effort true, to meet each test.

And thus we pray in deed and word,
Thy kingdom come on earth, O Lord;
In work that gives effect to prayer
Thy purpose for thy world we share.

—*Milton S. Littlefield.*

Story: "The Lost Children." [1]

When they moved into the new house in the country, the children's father told them not to play in the woods behind the barn.

"It is a wide stretch of forest," he said, "and you might wander about for days."

"But we could always turn round and come straight home," said Roger.

"That is just the trouble," said his father. "It is almost impossible to follow a straight path in the woods. You would keep on going round and round. The only thing for you to do is to stay within sight of the house."

A day or two later Roger was picking flowers near the brook when he saw a glimmer of pink among the low bushes at the edge of the woods.

"That looks like Nannie's apron," he said to himself uneasily. "She must have run away. I shall have to go and bring her back."

It was a long run across the field, but the little pink apron was still in sight when Roger came to the path that led into the woods. Nannie gave a shout when she saw her brother Roger. This was a fine game to play, and away she ran, while hot and breathless the little boy toiled after her.

"Stop, Nannie, please stop!" he called; but she would not or could not hear him, and they were soon quite out of sight of home. The path grew rough and was lost in a tangle of vines and briars, so that Nannie was glad to stop and let Roger catch hold of her hand at the root of a great beech tree.

"Now we'll go back," she said; but alas! this proved to be impossible. Nannie's fleeing feet had dodged among trees and stumps until all traces of the path had been left far behind.

"Never mind," said Roger stoutly, "we'll find it in a minute." And Nannie trudged cheerfully along with her chubby hand fast in his.

It was growing late in the afternoon, and the woods began to seem chilly and damp. Roger looked at Nannie's thin cotton frock and went on a little faster. It seemed to him that they had been walking a long time when they came to the same great beech where he had overtaken Nannie. He was sure

[1] From "The Lost Children in the First Book of Religion," by Mrs. Charles A. Love. Published by the Beacon Press, Inc. Used by permission.

that it was the same, for a dead branch hung down from it, covered with dry leaves. It was just as his father had said; they had been going in a circle instead of straight ahead, and they were no nearer home than before.

"What shall I do?" thought Roger, his frightened heart going pit-a-pat against his blue blouse. "If we go on, we'll tire ourselves out, and Nannie is too big for me to carry very far."

Nannie's weary feet were already dragging heavily along, and now she began to cry, sitting down in despair at the foot of the great tree. Roger dropped on his knees beside her. He was only a little boy, and he felt very weak and helpless. His mother had taught him to ask God every night to help him to be good; now he would ask that he might be brave.

"Dear God," he said earnestly, "help me not to get frightened, for that makes Nannie cry. And please show me the way home."

If Roger had hoped that the trees would open before him and let him see the way to go, he was disappointed. The wind sang softly in the leaves over his head, the birds were twittering in the distance, a tiny squirrel scurried across a fallen tree and sat watching them with his bright eyes, but nothing else happened. Yet, somehow, Roger felt better, and the woods no longer seemed frightful, but only a big green happy place where little creatures could run about without fear. Roger put his arm around Nannie and comforted her until her tears were dry, while the sunlight glancing through the trees fell warm upon them both. Suddenly he remembered that every evening his father and mother watched the sunset from the front porch. His home then must lie between him and the sun, since the woods were directly behind the house and the sun went down directly in front of it.

"Come, Nannie," he cried joyfully. "Brother knows the way now. See the sun through the trees. Our home is over there. Let's go and find it."

Nannie had unbounded faith in Roger, and again they started off bravely. This time all went well. It seemed only a little time before they were safe at home again.

"I asked God to help me, and I tried as hard as I could myself," he said to his mother.

"That is the best way to pray, little son," she told him. "God helps those who help themselves."

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that thou dost work steadfastly in ways that we may learn to understand. We thank thee that we can always depend on thee and on thy love, and that we may always come to thee and talk to thee, knowing that thou dost hear and sympathize with all

our problems. Help us to be obedient to thy will, and to do our very best to follow thee and to live according to thy laws. Help us to live always in thy presence. Guide us day by day and grant that thy great Kingdom of love may come into all our hearts. Amen.

Hymn:

Lord, as we thy name profess,
May our hearts thy love confess;
And in all our praise of thee,
May our lips and lives agree.

Make us resolute to do
What thou showest to be true;
Make us hate and shun the ill,
Loyal to thy holy will.

—*Edwin P. Parker.*

Offering Service.

THIRD SERVICE

Prayer for Courage

Quiet Music: "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni).

Call to Worship (to be sung as a prayer):

Hear us, our Father, we know thou wilt hear us,
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, about us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

Love us, our Father, we know thou wilt love us,
We are thy children, we turn unto thee;
For all around us, within us, above us,
Proofs of his infinite kindness we see.

—*Anonymous.*

Responses: Psalm 130—An Ancient Prayer for Help.

Leader:

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Jehovah.
Lord, hear my voice,
Let thine ears be attentive
To the voice of my supplications.

Juniors:

If thou, Jehovah, shouldest mark iniquities,
O Lord, who could stand?

Leader:

But there is forgiveness with thee,
That thou mayest be feared.

Juniors:

My soul waiteth for the Lord
More than watchmen for the morning.

All:

O Israel, hope in Jehovah;
For with Jehovah there is lovingkindness,
And with him is plenteous redemption.

Hymn: "Saviour, in the Words I Say."[1]

Saviour, in the words I say
May I follow thine own way;
And in all the deeds I do
Show a spirit fair and true.

Show me how to play each game
Fair and square, as in thy name,
Lose the contest if I must,
But in every act be just.

In my home, at play, at school
May I keep the Golden Rule;
Bravely face the hardest test,
Love my neighbors, do my best.

Leader: Our worship theme to-day is Prayer for Help. We ask God for many things, just as we ask our fathers and mothers for the things we want. In neither case do we always get what we ask for, not because they do not love us, and desire to give us what we need, but because we are not ready to receive them or because we ask for unwise things. Neither should we expect unnecessary and unreasonable things. We do not ask the railway

[1] From "Songs and Services in the Church School," by Josephine L. Baldwin. Copyright 1926. Published by the Abingdon Press. Used by permission.

company to keep the train waiting until we are ready. That would interfere with a great many other people and no one could depend on the trains. Instead, we get ready to go at the time the train is to leave. Often we ask God to set aside great laws or rules for our convenience, when we ought rather to ask his help in living according to them.

Story.

It was the afternoon of the school sports. The grand stand was filled with children and parents who had come to watch the inter-school meet. Many tests had been held during winter and spring in gymnasiums and playing fields to select the very best athletes in each of the public schools. Both boys and girls had been chosen, as they proved their fitness, and each school was well represented in the entries for the various races and contests.

The children came to the central field in large buses, with the name of their school blazoned in great red or black letters. School yells sounded above the noise of the grand stand.

"Breeze Hill, Breeze Hill, Rah, rah, rah!"

"Elgin, Elgin, we're from Elgin!"

It was all very exciting. Even when the program commenced, the children could scarcely settle down to watch the marches and physical culture drills that had been prepared with so much care. At last came the races.

Clarke Barton, of Oosgoode, had been chosen to represent that school in the two-hundred-yard dash. He had easily outrun the other boys on their own school field and now eagerly watched the other entrants to estimate the possibility of winning first place in the county. He was very anxious to win; partly for the sake of the school, for Osgoode was smaller than the other schools and had fewer athletes to uphold her honor, and partly because his father and mother were in the grand stand. His father had been a great athlete in his college days, and Clarke felt somehow that he must uphold that tradition. For the honor of home and school, he must not fail.

He won through to the finals, one of six boys who had come first in the preliminary races. Clarke was second from the low fence that marked off the course, Roy Aitkin, from Elgin, standing next to it.

The signal was given and the six runners were off. It was only a moment before Roy and Clarke outstripped the others. They were both good runners, and neither seemed able to forge ahead of the other. Suddenly Clarke, glancing down, saw that one of Roy's shoe laces was untied. Im-

mediately the thought came to him, "If I could just manage to crowd in on him a little, and step on that loose lace, I could check him enough to get ahead. Every one would think it was just an accident."

He edged nearer Roy, watching his chance. Then, like a flash, he thought of his father's fairness and sense of honor. But, of course, his father need never know. Then, curiously, he thought of David Livingstone, who had always kept faith, and with it came the idea of praying for help. "O God," he asked silently, "help me to play fair."

It was all over in a moment, of course. But new strength seemed to come to him as he sped swiftly over the course, keeping a good pace between himself and the flying lace. Well, even if he lost, he would lose decently. But that extra spurt carried him over the last few yards as if his feet were winged, and he had the satisfaction of winning honestly. That swift, silent prayer had not been in vain.

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we often need thy help in play or work when difficulties face us and the way is hard. We thank thee that we may always come to thee, sure of thy help and sympathy whether the problem be large or small. Help us to be true always, kind in the little affairs of life, and fair to others. Amen.

Hymn: "I Would Be True."[1]

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend to all, the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

Offering Service.

FOURTH SERVICE

Praying with Others

Quiet Music: "Old Hundred," played softly.

Call to Worship (to be sung as a prayer):

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[1] Used by permission.

Hear us, our Father, we know thou wilt hear us,
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, about us, within us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

Love us, our Father, we know thou wilt love us,
We are thy children, we turn unto thee;
For all around us, within us, above us,
Proofs of his infinite kindness we see.

—*Anonymous.*

Responses: Psalm 122.

Leader:

I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go unto the house of Jehovah.

Juniors:

Our feet are standing
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, that art builded
As a city that is compact together,
Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of Jehovah.
For there are set thrones for judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.

Leader:

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem,
They shall prosper that love thee.

All:

Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
For the sake of the house of Jehovah our God
I will seek thy good.

Hymn:

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

—Translated by Edward Caswall.

Leader: Our reading and hymn this morning have been about the Church, God's house, and our worship together. While we like to talk with God by ourselves, we find that it makes us feel better and happier, sometimes, to pray with other people. Jesus used to go often to the synagogue; in fact, when he was a boy in Nazareth, he went to school there every day, and on the Sabbath to the services held for every one. We know, too, that he sometimes went up to the great church that was the center of the nation, the temple at Jerusalem. Our favorite Junior picture (show picture, "The Boy Jesus in the Temple") shows Jesus as a boy of twelve, in the temple talking to the wise men who led and taught the people about God. He had attended the temple services for the first time with his parents, and had worshiped God in the great Jewish court, while the chorus sang and the smoke from the offering and the incense ascended upward in the clear air. The inspiration of the service still seemed to linger on his face, as he questioned these learned men about Jehovah and his holy law. Jesus loved the house of God and often worshiped with those who gathered there.

Prayer: Dear Heavenly Father, we thank thee that we can come to thy house to worship and pray together. We thank thee for the beautiful music and quietness and the sense of thy presence as we all bow before thee. In the help and strength we receive there, may we do our best throughout the week to please thee and to live close to thee day by day. Amen.

Leader: Let us imagine ourselves in the temple where Jesus worshiped. There were choirs who sang responses, using the book of Psalms as their hymn book. In many of these psalms we find a peculiar kind of poetry. Each verse has two statements which say the same thing, or similar things.

Let us divide our department into two groups and read these statements responsively as we find them in one of our memory psalms.

First Group:

O come, let us sing unto Jehovah;

Second Group:

Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

First Group:

For Jehovah is a great God,

Second Group:

And a great King above all gods.

First Group:

In his hands are the deep places of the earth;
The heights of the mountains are his also.

Second Group:

The sea is his, and he made it,
And his hands formed the dry land.

First Group:

O come, let us worship and bow down;

Second Group:

Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker,

Both:

For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Hymn. (Tune, "This Is My Father's World.")[1]

This is our Father's house,
'Tis here his people meet,
And comfort falls within these walls
As we worship at his feet;
And so we talk with him,
And though we may not see
Him present here, we feel him near,
As we seek him earnestly.

This is our Father's house,
And we would reverent be,
For as of yore, he calls once more,
Let the children come to me;

[1] See page 195 for music.

Where'er the Church may be,
Near by or far away,
Our Father's house it still will be,
When his people meet to pray.[1]

Offering Service.

[1] Adapted from hymn by Rev. J. C. Cochrane. Used by permission.

CHAPTER VII

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR FEBRUARY

Theme for the Month: Truth and Courage

Problem in the Junior Child's Life.—"I always thought that people who told lies would have something terrible happen to them, fall down dead, or get hurt, or lose something, or, anyway, have bad luck. But I told a big lie the other day and nothing happened, and that's a week ago, and nothing's happened yet."

Several elements enter into this problem. First of all is the question of material rewards and punishments. Does God punish or reward thus, usually? What is the real reward of being true, the real punishment for falsehood?

One cannot help seeing, too, that the Juniors' value of truth ought not to be based on so flimsy a foundation as what he is likely to get if he tells the truth, or suffer if he is caught violating it. Truth ought to be valued for its own worth.

Fear probably enters into these situations, quite frequently, and obscures judgment and ideals. We have heard Juniors a good many times tell lies because of fear, giving evidence afterwards of despising themselves both for the lie and for the fear that caused them to tell it.

Aim.—To help the Juniors understand more clearly that truth and other virtues bring their own reward and the lack of them their own punishment, in their effects upon our own inner lives and on our lives with other people; that if we talk with God often and live with him, we get to be like him and to like the things that are worth while, and to despise things that are not true, and that this is the surest way to remove fear.

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR FEBRUARY

First Service

The City of Truth

Quiet Music: "Largo" (Handel).

Call to Worship: Psalm 117.

O praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
Laud him, all ye peoples,
For his lovingkindness is great toward us;
And the truth of Jehovah endureth forever,
Praise ye Jehovah.

Opening Prayer:

Father, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

—*Love M. Willis.*

Hymn:

God of our boyhood, whom we yield
The tribute of your youthful praise,
Upon the well-contested field,
And 'mid the glory of these days,
God of our youth, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Sturdy of limb, with bounding health,
Eager to play the hero's part,
Grant to each that greater wealth—
An undefiled and loyal heart,
God of our youth, be thou our might,
To do the right, to do the right.

—*Anonymous.*

Scripture Reading: Philippians 4: 8.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

(This scripture passage is to be used throughout the month, so that it may be thoroughly understood and memorized.)

Memory Scripture: Matthew 6: 8b-15. Jesus teaching his disciples how to pray.

Leader: We have all been in places where it wasn't easy to tell about things that happened. A certain Junior boy was coming home from school one day, skipping stones along the street railway track. It was just outside a large city, and the tracks were slightly higher than the gardens and lawns near by. One extra large stone skipped provokingly off the side of the track, over the side of a lawn and through a cellar window. The boy ran to his home near by and consulted his mother.

"Mother, I threw a stone along the track and it skipped off and went through Mrs. Crane's cellar window. What should I do? I don't think any one saw me, but I wish you'd 'phone her and tell her."

"How would it be if you went back and told her yourself? There's nothing to be afraid of. I'm sure you will feel better."

It wasn't easy, but the boy went at once. Mrs. Crane listened to the story.

"I was skipping stones along the track and one flew off and broke your cellar window, Mrs. Crane. If you'll let me measure the pane, I'll get some glass right away. I'm sorry."

"Indeed you won't," Mrs. Crane said. "I just found the window broken. I did feel annoyed, but you've been so brave and manly coming right away and telling me about it, that I'll get it put in myself."

But the boy insisted that he would feel better if he replaced it, and finally he did so.

That night he said to his mother: "I guess it was the easiest way just to tell the truth about it right away. I feel fine now, but I wouldn't have wanted to go to school that way again if I hadn't got it all fixed up. And I like Mrs. Crane now, and she likes me."

A great many people have found out that it is best to do always what is true and fair.

A long time ago, when the Jews had come back from captivity, they started to rebuild the temple in Jerusalem. Perhaps you remember from your Bible stories what a time they had. Everything seemed to go wrong, and the people did not want to go on with the work. Finally a prophet told them that the trouble had come because they had tried to deceive God and had been mean and unkind with each other. He said that God wanted Jerusalem to be called "The City of Truth," where old men and old women

might live in comfort and safety, and boys and girls might play in the streets thereof. He told them: "These are the things that ye should do: Speak ye every man the truth with his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and let none of you devise evil in your hearts against his neighbor; and love no false oath; for all these are things that I hate, saith Jehovah."

You will find this story in the book of Nehemiah and these words in the eighth chapter of the book of Zechariah, if you want to look them up sometime.

And these are the things that will make our own city happy and prosperous, too. We can be sure that God would like all of our land to be like the "City of Truth."

Prayer: Help us to be true in word and deed. Things that are false tempt us sometimes, and we need courage to stand up for what is true. We would be true to every one, not trying to make people think we are smarter or better than we are, but doing our best really to be what we admire and like in other people. Help us to do our share in making the place we live in like the "City of Truth" that it may please thee and carry out thy will for us. Amen.

Hymn: "Saviour in the Words I Say." (Services and Songs, Baldwin.)

Offering Service: The offering service may be conducted similar to the January plan, using an offering hymn from Junior Carols.

SECOND SERVICE

True to Oneself

Quiet Music: "Confidence" (Mendelssohn).

Call to Worship:

O praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
Laud him, all ye peoples,
For his lovingkindness is great toward us;
And the truth of Jehovah endureth forever,
Praise ye Jehovah.

Opening Prayer:

Father, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,

But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

—Love M. Willis.

Scripture Reading: Philippians 4: 8 (see first service); Zechariah 8: 16, 17.

These are the things that ye shall do: Speak ye every man the truth with his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and let none of you devise evil in your hearts against his neighbor; and love no false oath: for all these are things that I hate, saith Jehovah.

Hymn: "True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted."[1]

True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by thy grace we will be;
Under the standard exalted and royal,
Strong in thy strength we will battle for thee.

Chorus:

Peal out the watchword! silence it never!
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free;
Peal out the watchword! loyal forever!
King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.

True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

Chorus.

True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all-glorious!
Take thy great power and reign there alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly thine own.

Chorus.

Leader: Last Sunday we thought about truth in our dealing with other people and the fact that truth and honest dealing made happier places in which to live. As well as caring for what other people think about us, we like to think well of ourselves.

One day a bank messenger, when emptying a waste paper basket, after

[1] Copyright 1916 by George C. Stebbins. Renewal Hope Publishing Co., Owner. Used by permission.

the others had gone, noticed a peculiar looking parcel lying behind it. He opened it and found that it contained a roll of bank notes that had fallen unnoticed into the corner.

"Isn't that lucky," he said to himself; "now I can go to college as I've always wanted to. I'll never amount to anything unless I can get some more education, and here's my chance."

He put it in his inside pocket, finished his work, locked the building, and hurried home.

Somehow, he put off telling his parents about it until after supper. He began to wonder whose it was, and how it had gotten there. "Some one must have dropped it as they were going out of the bank," he concluded. "I wonder if they have missed it."

After a while, he went up to his room and looked at the money. "H'm," he said to himself, "guess if I'd lost this much money, I'd feel pretty bad. Likely whoever owns it is hunting all over for it. They'll likely be in the bank in the morning. They probably lost it just before closing time."

He said nothing to his parents that evening, deciding that he would wait until morning. He sat down by a table near the window, trying to think of his good fortune. On the table was a clipping that he had cut out of a paper a few days before.

"I have to live with myself, and so
I would be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand in the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done."

He prepared himself for bed very soberly. He did not go to sleep very quickly, but when he did, it was because he had decided on something he would do next day.

In the morning, he went down early to the bank, and as soon as the manager went into his office, he followed him in and laid the package on the desk.

"Found this behind the wastebasket last night," he said abruptly, and started to go out.

"Hold on," said the manager, opening the parcel, "tell me about it."

So the messenger told him just where he had found it and how it had been hidden from sight by the paper in the basket.

"How did you happen to bring it back? No one saw you take it, and you know there is not likely to be any reward. You might have kept it and no one would have been any the wiser. Probably no one would have found you out."

The boy looked up. "I wouldn't want to have anything to do with a fellow mean enough to do a thing like that," he said, "so I decided I'd bring it back, 'cause I have to live with myself."

Hymn, to be sung as a prayer:

Father, lead me day by day,
Ever in thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true;
Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me strong;
Help me serve thee all day long;
Keep me safely by thy side;
Let me in thy love abide.

—*John P. Hopps.*

Offering Service.

THIRD SERVICE

True to Others

Quiet Music: "I Would Be True."

Call to Worship:

O praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
Laud him, all ye peoples,
For his lovingkindness is great toward us;
And the truth of Jehovah endureth forever,
Praise ye Jehovah.

Opening Prayer:

Father, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

—*Love M. Willis.*

Bible Reading: Matthew 25: 31-46.

Memory Selection: Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Responses:

Leader: But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deluding your own selves.

Juniors: For if any one is a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror; for he beholdeth himself and goeth away and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But he that looketh into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and so continueth, being not a hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing.

All: Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.

Hymn: "O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known."

Leader: There are many ways in which we may be true. Last Sunday we thought about being true to ourselves, deciding that since none of us like to live with a mean person, we ought to be fit to live with for our own sake, since we can't get away from ourselves.

We can be true, also, to other people, keeping our word always, as David Livingstone did when he came all the way back from the coast into the interior of Africa, that he might keep his word to the black men who had accompanied him to the sea.

We can be true to the best way of living, doing fearlessly the thing we believe to be right, even as Jesus did. When we do this, we may be sure that we are pleasing him.

Story: "Martin, the Cobbler."

In a dark basement, with only one window looking out on the street for light, lived an old cobbler named Martin. His wife and children had died years before, leaving him alone. But he knew every person in the village by their boots, for he was a good workman, and almost every pair of shoes in the village had been made or mended by him. He liked to watch them going past his window, those shoes, and felt almost as if he had spoken to their owners, whom he could not see without pressing close to the glass.

Each evening before he went to bed, he would read the New Testament until his lamp burned low. He loved to read of Christ, who was lonely, too, at times, and lived in a humble village even as Martin himself did, and often dreamed of how wonderful it would have been to live in Nazareth with him, or have Christ come to his home.

"Yet," he said to himself, "they did not appreciate him. He must have been their guest many times, yet they turned away from him at the last. I might have done the same, for I, too, think of myself."

One night he rested his head on his hands as he thought about it. Suddenly he seemed to hear a voice near him. "Look, Martin, to-morrow on the street. I am coming to visit you."

Martin started to his feet. No one was near. "It was the Christ," he said to himself. "I must prepare to receive him."

All next day he watched for him, going often to the window to see the faces of the passers-by. Once he saw an old street-cleaner staggering with weakness and cold, and brought him in and fed him. After a time a poor woman with a baby in her arms, shivering in the cold, passed along the street. Martin called to her, and she came into the warm shop. They were in pitiful need, and Martin gave them food and one of his cloaks. Then they, too, passed on. Late in the afternoon he made peace between an old apple woman and a little boy who had stolen an apple, and sent them on their way reconciled as friends. Still Christ did not come.

Night came, and Martin took away his work, lighted his lamp and took out his Testament. As he opened it, his eyes fell on these words: "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; thirsty and ye gave me drink; naked and ye clothed me." And again, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Then he heard the voice again, "Did ye not see me, Martin, when I came to you to-day?" He looked up in surprise, and in the dusky shadows, there seemed to pass, one by one, Stephen, the old street cleaner, the woman with the child, and the old apple woman and the little boy. They smiled at him and vanished. "Did ye not know me, Martin?" again came the voice.

Then Martin understood that Christ had really come as he had promised and that he had been his honored guest three times that day.

Prayer: Our Father, who art all Truth and Love, we would live true lives, courageously and fearlessly, as unto thee. Help us always to be true to thee and to others, knowing that thou art always with us, and that when we follow the very highest and best that we know, we are following thee. Help

us to do kind deeds whenever we can, to be sympathetic with others, and to share generously with those in need. And throughout each day, may we be conscious of thine honored Companionship and Friendship. Amen.

Hymn: "I Would Be True, for There Are Those Who Trust Me."[1]
Offering Service.

FOURTH SERVICE

Following Truth

Quiet Music: "Berceuse" (from Jocelyn), Godard.
Call to Worship:

O praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
Laud him, all ye peoples,
For his righteousness is great toward us;
And the truth of Jehovah endureth forever,
Praise ye Jehovah.

Opening Prayer:

Father, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

—*Love M. Willis.*

Memory Scripture: Luke 2: 39-52.
Juniors: And the child grew and became strong; he was filled with wisdom, and the favor of God was upon him.
Special Reader or Class: And his parents went every year to Jerusalem at the feast of the passover. And when he was twelve years old, they went up after the custom of the feast; and when they had fulfilled the days, as they were returning, the boy Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and his parents knew it not; but supposing him to be in the company, they went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance; and when they found him not, they returned to Jerusalem, seeking for him. And it came to pass, after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the teachers, both hearing them and asking them questions; and all that heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers. And when they saw him, they were astonished; and his mother said unto

[1] See page 191.

him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? knew ye not that I must be in my Father's house? And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

Juniors: And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and he was subject unto them; and his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

Leader. (Appreciation of hymn, "We Thank Thee, Lord, Thou Wast a Lad," and of the pictures, "Jesus in Joseph's Carpenter Shop," and "The Boy Jesus in the Temple.") (Alternate: "The Great Stone Face" story in Appendix.)

A great many boys and girls, as well as older people, in America, believe that our memory verse in Philippians 4: 8 gives us an excellent rule, and that we ought to think of the finest things we know about, because we grow to be like the things we admire most and think oftenest about. These girls and boys, deciding that the very finest life that was ever lived was that of Jesus, have pledged themselves to think often about him, and try to live like him. The younger girls and boys have taken as their motto, Luke 2: 40: "And the child grew, and became strong; he was filled with wisdom and the favor of God was upon him." (Moffatt's Translation.) The older ones plan their lives after Luke 2: 52: "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." In following him, they follow the highest form of truth, fearless, courageous, hating all that is false, or unkind, or selfish. In the light of such a life as that, all that is mean or ugly or sordid seems to shrink away from its goodness and nobility. How many times we have all longed to see Jesus! We do not know exactly what he looked like, but great artists, who see more clearly than the rest of people, have tried to give us their idea of his perfect character, through pictures showing incidents in his life. We have two here which show him as he may have been as a child. The first shows him working in Joseph's carpenter shop, learning his trade, as all Jewish boys had to do. The second shows him in the temple, at the time of the passover, when he was twelve years old, talking to the learned men there. (Show pictures. Draw attention to Jesus' helpfulness and interest, in the first, and giving time for the children to receive the full impress of the character of Jesus revealed especially in the latter picture, with which some of them are probably already familiar. Then the pictures should remain where all can see

them, while the words of the hymn are read by the leader. The hymn may then be sung by a selected group of children, or by the committee who planned this service. Any common double meter tune may be used.)

We Thank Thee

We thank thee, Father, for the life
That Jesus lived on earth,
For crowded inn at Bethlehem
That saw his wondrous birth;
That as a lad in Nazareth,
He grew in strength each day,
That wisdom filled his heart and life
Alike in work and play.

In village synagogue, at school,
He learned the ways of God,
The laws and statutes of the past,
The path their heroes trod.
In Joseph's shop, with saw and plane,
He learned his humble trade;
In quiet home, when work was done,
A thoughtful son he made.

And he increased, as days went by,
In stature, wisdom, truth;
Beloved by men and by his God,
He lived his early youth.
For manhood's stern and trying tasks,
Those years of growth prepared;
He lived his whole life close to God,
Whose purposes he shared.

His comradeship so strong and pure,
So kind, so full of grace,
Was freely given then as now,
Each day its joy might trace.
And we would live as Jesus lived,
Growing as he did grow,
In love of man and love of God,
And would his wisdom know.

Prayer: Dear Heavenly Father, we would be true even as Jesus was true. In play, in work, in danger, in triumph, he was always true to the very best he knew. Help us to be like him, and help us to understand thy great Kingdom, founded on the things for which Jesus lived. Help us to live for them, also. Amen.

Hymn: "We Would See Jesus."[1]

We would see Jesus; lo! his star is shining
Above the stable while the angels sing;
There in a manger on the hay reclining,
Haste, let us lay our gifts before the King.

We would see Jesus, Mary's son most holy,
Light of the village life from day to day;
Shining revealed through every task most lowly,
The Christ of God, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

We would see Jesus, on the mountain teaching,
With all the listening people gathered round;
While birds and flowers and sky above are preaching
The blessedness which simple trust has found.

We would see Jesus, in his work of healing,
At eventide before the sun was set;
Divine and human, in his deep revealing,
Of God and man in loving service met.

We would see Jesus; in the early morning,
Still as of old he calleth, "Follow me";
Let us arise, all meaner service scorning,
Lord, we are thine; we give ourselves to thee!

[1] From "Worship and Song." Copyright, The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

CHAPTER VIII

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR MARCH

Theme for the Month: The Kingdom of God

Problem in the Junior Child's Life.—"Our teacher wants to get up a baseball team and he wants me to be catcher. I want to be pitcher. I know I could pitch curves and twisters, if I got a chance. I guess I won't play at all!"

"Dad says I ought to wash the dishes for mother and that I ought to keep my own room tidy, but if I can get away without being called back, I don't see why I should care."

Aim.—To lead the Juniors into a wider conception of and greater devotion to the Kingdom of God and its Founder and into the joy that comes from living out social Christianity.

First Service

The Example of Jesus, Its Founder

Quiet Music: "Melody in F" (Rubenstein).
Call to Worship:

Our Father, God, wilt thou be near
To girls and boys and teachers dear,
  Throughout our school (Church) to-day;
While listening may we hear thy voice,
While singing may we all rejoice;
  And help us, Lord, we pray.[1]

Opening Prayer: It is suggested that all through this month, a short opening prayer be prepared by different classes and their teachers, or by individual children, with help from the leaders, on the theme of the month.

[1] "Child Songs," Carey Bonner. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press, London, England. Used by permission.

Leader: In our last four services, we considered doing brave things and always being true in our own inner lives and as we live with others. This month, let us go a little further and think of living with other people in the best way. Sometimes we find it isn't easy, especially when mother or father want us to do some work when we want to play, or when we want to have our own way in our games. But if we come to know and love God better and find out more about working with him, we will find it much easier to live happily and do worth-while things. When people are living in this way, according to God's laws of life, they are living in the Kingdom of God. Jesus came to tell us about the Kingdom, and the first four books of the New Testament record a great deal of what he said about it. Let us take for our Bible selection this month some of these verses from Matthew's Gospel.

Responses: The Beatitudes.

(These verses are so important that they may well be repeated in the service each Sunday during the month. They are the keynote of the Kingdom. They should not be taught as memory work in the worship service; but if the children do not already know them, they may be taught at some other time. The fact that a certain passage is to be used in the worship periods provides a good incentive for learning it.)

Leader: And seeing the multitude, Jesus went up into the mountain; and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

All:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the sons of God.

Leader: Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Juniors: Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and

be exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

All: Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father in heaven.

Leader: Let us repeat the two great commandments of the Kingdom from the tenth chapter of Luke.

All: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy strength and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself.

Hymn: "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus."

Leader: Jesus did many things to help his followers know how to live. He was never selfish. Some of his followers were anxious for great honor and several times sought to find out if they would receive it for their faithful following of him. Jesus answered them by taking a little child, who was living simply and not asking for any honor or high position, telling them that if they really wanted honor, they should live like that.

Another time, when they were reclining at the three-sided Eastern table ready for supper, Jesus took a basin of water and a towel and washed their feet, as the servants often did in Eastern homes before a meal. Peter objected to Jesus doing it, but Jesus told them that he did it for an example to them and that they should all be alike in the Kingdom of God, serving one another, and not seeking high places. He said that the greatest were those who helped other people most.

Prayer: Our Father, help us to be willing to do our share of work wherever we are, and to take our turn in doing things that are not pleasant, but need to be done. Help us to play fair, not looking for first place, but willing to do whatever we can, so that every one may have a good time. Grant that people everywhere may know more about thy Kingdom and that they may learn to live in it as Jesus did. Amen.

Hymn: "O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known."

Offering Service. (The following stanza may be used as a dedicatory prayer during the month, after the offering has been brought to the front.)

Lord, we would bring our offering,
  And gladly give to thee
Our week of earnest labor,
  In deep humility.

In service in thy Kingdom,
Thy purpose to uphold,
Our gifts and lives, we pray thee,
May daily be enrolled.

SECOND SERVICE

Followers of Jesus

Quiet Music: "Consolation" (Mendelssohn).
Call to Worship:

Our Father, God, wilt thou be near,
To girls and boys and teachers dear,
Throughout our school (Church) to-day;
While listening may we hear thy voice,
While singing may we all rejoice;
And help us, Lord, we pray.[1]

Opening Prayer.

Memory Scripture: Matthew 5: 3-12; 7: 21; Luke 10: 27 (as in first service).

Hymn:

O Jesus, Prince of life and truth,
Beneath thy banner bright,
We dedicate our strength and youth
To battle for the right;
We give our lives with glad intent
To serve the world and thee;
To die, to suffer, and be spent,
To set our brothers free.

O Jesus, once a Nazareth boy,
And tempted like as we,
All inward foes help us destroy,
And spotless all to be.

[1] "Child Songs," Carey Bonner. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press, London, England. Used by permission.

We trust thee for the grace to win
The high, victorious goal,
Where purity shall conquer sin,
In Christlike self-control.

—*Anonymous.*

Leader. (Alternate plan—use of story, "Unto the Least," in the Appendix.)

Ever since Jesus lived, people have tried to be like him. He was always true, courageous, never afraid to do what seemed the best thing to do, or to fail in the task his Heavenly Father set him, of revealing his love and founding a kingdom of human brotherhood and love among men. Some people have done very brave things in his name, like Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, who gave up wealth, position, and fame in his own country, to help the people of Labrador, who had neither doctor nor minister. But what Jesus needs most to further his Kingdom is that every one of us should become his follower just where we are. It is a very interesting experiment for a group of Juniors to try to live each day according to the pattern of Jesus.

One year a group of Junior boys and girls, about twenty-five in all, with several leaders, went to spend a week in a pleasant camp, where there was plenty of swimming, tennis and play, opportunities for learning about trees, birds and flowers, and many things to do. They came from different places and were just ordinary Juniors, some thoughtful, some mischievous, some rough, others with easily hurt feelings. At the beginning of the week the leaders suggested that the boys and girls throughout this whole week should try to find out how God would like Juniors to live together at camp, after the pattern of Jesus, who, as a Junior boy, "grew and became strong; he was filled with wisdom, and the favor of God was upon him." They were to have the utmost freedom in facing each situation that occurred, choosing and deciding for themselves what should be done.

The Juniors liked the plan, and tried it earnestly for the entire week, dividing themselves into "tribes," each with a captain, in order to carry it out. Several astonishing things happened. First, the leaders did not make a single rule or issue one command during the whole week. Matters were decided in such ways as this. Several of the older Juniors wanted to leave camp by themselves for a hike. The matter was talked over by the whole group. The camp was near a busy motor road, a railroad, and a lake. While some of the children could go safely, the smaller ones could not. The

older ones decided that, for the latter's sake, it would be best to have a rule that no one should leave camp without a leader. The leaders responded by expressing their willingness to go with any group who wished to go for a hike or swim. A full camp program for each day was planned together, beginning with morning watch, which each group kept by itself, and continuing in morning worship together, led by Juniors, exploring the camp, making articles for the Junior Red Cross and bird houses for trees near the camp building, swimming, tennis, games, picnics, hikes, bird and tree study. The test of every action was the example of Jesus. The result was that, by unanimous decision, they concluded that it was the happiest week they had ever spent. There had not been a single quarrel, or a cross word spoken. Every one helped to make camp plans and rules, and never once were any of them wittingly broken. Occasionally, some one forgot, but a pleasant reminder by the group captain was all that was ever necessary. The leaders enjoyed themselves. Never once had it been necessary to say "don't" nor to impose a penalty; happiness and thoughtfulness reigned supreme through the busy week. Juniors remarked at the close of the week, "We never knew we could be so happy together. We hate to go away, but we're coming again next year." Leaders said, "Such a jolly time. We expected to have all sorts of difficulties, but the only ones we have faced were trying to be as neat in our rooms, and as careful in following out plans and rules as the children." The camp superintendent said, "It is the first time we have had children in camp, and I hestitated about letting you come; but you have been the finest, most helpful group of people we've ever had here. Come again." And all because, for one whole week, twenty-five Juniors and their leaders tried to be followers of Jesus as they lived and played together.

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the beautiful life of Jesus and for all the people since who have tried to live like him. There have been many of them, and they have kept thy Kingdom alive in the hearts of people all through the years since Jesus lived. Help us live that others may know what Jesus is like through our lives as we eagerly look forward to the time when every one will realize that it is the happiest way in which to work and live together. Then will thy Kingdom come on earth, even as it is in heaven. Amen.

Hymn:

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,

Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of Man!

The cup of water given for thee
Still holds the freshness of thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal those hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again.

Till sons of men shall learn thy love;
And follow where thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

—*Frank Mason North.*

Offering Service.

THIRD SERVICE

Working Together in the Kingdom

Quiet Music: "Nazareth," Gounod. ("Services and Songs," Baldwin.)

Call to Worship:

Our Father, God, wilt thou be near
To girls and boys and teachers dear,
Throughout our school (Church) to-day;
While listening may we hear thy voice,
While singing may we all rejoice,
And help us, Lord, we pray.[1]

Opening Prayer.

Memory Scripture: Matthew 5: 3-12; 7: 21; Luke 10: 27 (as in first service).

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[1] "Child Songs," Carey Bonner. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press, London, England. Used by permission.

Hymn: "We Would See Jesus."

Leader: One of the things we must learn to do, if we are to be members of the Kingdom, is how to work and play together without thinking about ourselves, and what we are going to gain by it.

Story: "The Valley of Friendliness."

Long ago, when people had no automobiles or trains with which to go quickly from one place to another, there was, in a country unknown to all but the wisest men, a tiny village situated in a beautiful valley. Even in that time very few people knew much about it, for the villagers had a strange way of keeping to themselves.

Not only was this true of the village, but each family in it gathered about their own hearth and did not share in what the neighbors were doing; in fact, paid little attention to them, unless they happened to interfere with their own plans or seemed to be getting along better in the world than they themselves were. Each house had its own garden with a wall around it, and even the children played by themselves, looking suspiciously at other children when they happened to see them on the village streets or on their way to the pasture lands, where their fathers kept their cattle and sheep.

Beautiful wild flowers bloomed in the valley and on the slopes of the mountains, and rippling streams ran down to the great river beyond. Birds sang their gayest, happiest songs, but the people of the village went about with such long faces, each concerned with getting as much as he could for himself, and accumulating more wealth than his neighbors, that the place came to be known as Gloomy Village.

Things had not always gone on in this way, for in the center of the town there stood an old church, almost in ruins, where, tradition said, the people had once worshiped together. But no one quite knew what that meant; for, now, each one prayed only for himself, that he might be as fine and clever as possible, and that the work of his hands might prosper. That was a matter only for themselves, so why should they want to meet together in a church? Evidently it was a foolish custom, long since abandoned. Besides, why should any one waste money on something that did not help him or his family?

Every one was quite agreed that their way of living was the only sensible one, although no one looked particularly happy. The only exception was a wise old shepherd, who lived up the slope of the mountain. He told queer tales of a town over the mountains, where the people not only worshiped

together in a church, but did all sorts of other things in groups and were the happier for it. But the villagers smiled at him, and pitied him for his strange ideas. Then the old man would look very thoughtful and would shake his head sadly.

Now, this place might have continued to be Gloomy Village to this day, if it had not happened that, one day, a boy in the happier town over the mountains heard about the children who did not know how to play together. He asked the old shepherd about it when next he came to town. The old man said, "Yes, it was quite true." He had often told them about Happy Town, but no one would believe him. Each thought only of his own health, or food, or pleasure.

The child was quite sad at the thought of it and, before the old man left, he gave him one of his prettiest balls to take to Gloomy Village. "No one," he said, "can play ball very well by himself. Perhaps if they try to use it, they will learn to play as we do."

The next day, the old man met one of the boys from the village driving his father's cattle to pasture. He called to him and showed him the ball. The boy asked him how the children in Happy Town used it.

"Stand over there," the old man told him, "and I will show you."

Then they commenced to throw the ball back and forth, and the boy enjoyed it so much that he begged the old shepherd to come again with the ball that they might play together again. The latter placed the ball in his hands, telling him to take it back to the village with him, and get his brother to toss it to him.

This the boy did, and next day the two boys came up the hill to tell the shepherd how much they had enjoyed the ball and how the other children watched them from the street. Then the old man took a long stick and showed them how to hit the ball with it, and played a simple game with them. This they found even pleasanter than tossing the ball back and forth, and when they went back to the village, the thought came to the older brother that perhaps the boy who lived next to them might help them play the game. The younger one was afraid that he might run off with the ball, but they finally decided that if they explained the game to him and played in their own garden, the plan might work very well. They found him looking longingly over his own wall, and when they called him he came quickly, and for the first time boys of two families played together.

After this, the three of them often went up the hill to the old shepherd's home, and he told them stories of Happy Town and the games that the

children played there. Now that the boys had discovered the happiness of playing in a group, they wanted to try other games that the children over the mountain played. Gradually other children came to play with them as some of the games needed a larger number of players. The parents became interested in watching them. Often all the children gathered together to play hide and seek or some game of ball that the old man had told them about.

The older people enjoyed watching them, and as they looked they began to talk more to each other, finding out that their neighbors were much more kindly than they had thought. Each evening, when their work was done, they would gather together to see the children play, and to talk over the happenings of the day.

Then there came, one day, a sudden illness to the village. Many of the children and a few of the older people sickened with it. The news spread quickly now, since people were accustomed to friendly greetings, and the children were missed from the playground. The old shepherd came down from the hills and brought with him a man skilled in such matters, who told them that if they would put up a small building in which all the sick might be cared for, it would prevent the disease from spreading to those who were still quite well. So it came about that before the people thought about what it really meant, every one was helping to erect the building or to care for those who were ill, forgetting all about themselves or their own comfort or gain. When they did become aware of it, they were astonished to find how much happier they were, even in the midst of their anxiety.

At last the illness passed away, and the glad day came when the new building was empty and every one was well once more. The people were so happy that they set apart a day for rejoicing and thanksgiving. Then some one suggested that, instead of thanking God separately, they go to the old church and praise him together. It seemed the most natural thing in the world. Some cleared out the old chapel, others decorated it with flowers, still others brought musical instruments, and as the voices of the entire village were lifted together in song there passed from their hearts the last trace of bitterness and suspicion, for each had found in his neighbor a friend and with him now gave thanks to the Great Father, not for himself alone, but for the happiness of all the people. So the name of that place was changed to the Valley of Friendliness, and only the wisest men now living remember that once, long ago, people knew it as Gloomy Village.

Prayer: Our Father, we thank thee that we may work and live with

others and for the happiness that comes from it. We thank thee for thy great Kingdom, and pray that some day all the people in the world may learn to live and work together in its happy bounds. May we do our share in working unselfishly with thy people to extend thy Kingdom in the hearts of all. Amen.

Hymn:

O God, who worketh hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be and bear and do,
As best it pleaseth thee.

Where'er thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

—*Thomas W. Freckleton.*

Offering Service.

FOURTH SERVICE

Kingdom Living

Quiet Music: "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling."
Call to Worship:

Our Father, God, wilt thou be near,
To girls and boys and teachers dear,
Throughout our school (Church) to-day;
While listening may we hear thy voice,
While singing may we all rejoice,
And help us, Lord, we pray.[1]

Opening Prayer.

Memory Scripture: Matthew 5: 3-12; 7: 21; Luke 10: 27 (as in first service.)

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[1] "Child Songs," Carey Bonner. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press, London, England. Used by permission.

Hymn. (Tune, "Love Divine.")

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife;
Do you count them only trifles?
Trifles then are sun and rain.
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never was one said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones that walk beside you,
If you love them, tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power.
And beneath its cheering sunshine,
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter, all the way,
Kindly words, to serve as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go,
To the ones who journey with you,
If you love them, tell them so.[1]

Leader: Some one said that the very best way to find out what a man was really like was to watch him in his home. Perhaps that would be the best way to test ourselves, as to whether we are really doing the square thing with other people according to the laws of the Kingdom.

Story: "Bob Chase's Vacation."[2]

Bobby Chase lived in a suburb of the great city. Every morning his father hurried away after breakfast to catch the early train that took him

[1] From "Songs and Services in the Junior Church School," by Josephine L. Baldwin. Copyright 1926. Published by the Abingdon Press. Used by permission.

[2] Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

to business, and every evening he came home just in time for dinner. Bobby was thirteen, so he was able to do a good many things at home. He took care of the furnace in winter, and shoveled the snow from the walks, and in the summer he cut the grass and helped with the garden. His mother had no maid, so he helped her about the house a good deal, also.

But he was thirteen, and he had many outside things to do. He belonged to two clubs, each of which met once a week. He was on a basket ball team, and that took lots of practice. Now and then there was a party to go to, and then he had his studying to do. Naturally, he was beginning to feel that he had no time for errands or to help his mother. He found out that the other boys in his club did not help at home. True, most of their homes had some one to help their mothers, but Bobby overlooked that.

So that evening after dinner Bobby rebelled. He announced that he had been cutting lawns and raking grass and running errands all summer, and that he was going to take a vacation.

His father, to his surprise, took him very seriously. "Why, that's all right," he said. "I think you do need a vacation. You can pretend that you're a guest here. You can be Mr. Chase, and mother and I'll entertain you."

Bobby thought this was fine. Next morning, no one called him. When he came downstairs, his usual work was all done, his father gone to the office. He had just time to snatch some breakfast and run off to school.

When he came home, he heard his mother getting ready to go out. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"O, I'm just going out to buy nuts and raisins for Thanksgiving." Now, it had always been Bobby's special privilege to buy the Thanksgiving nuts and raisins; but, of course, a guest could not very well share in the family shopping. Bobby picked up a book, but somehow it was not very interesting. He watched his father sweeping walks, and tending to the furnace, his own usual tasks, but did not offer to help. He was on his vacation. Why should he? Dinner was very stiff and formal. His father and mother were all dressed up, and talked learnedly about travel, politics and literature, to entertain their guest. Poor Bobby could not understand what they were talking about, but he had to pretend to be interested. He was very glad when dinner was over, and slipped off to bed early while his father was busy.

Before he went to sleep, he heard his father talking to his mother about the days when he was young and lived on a farm. "Yes," he said, "I cer-

tainly had to work hard. I had to get up long before daylight and help with the milking and chores, and then walk three miles to school." Then Bobby went to sleep.

He dreamed he had to walk miles and miles to school, and it seemed as though he would never get there. The farther he went, the farther away the school would be. And in the middle of the night he had to climb out of bed in the cold and go out into the great barn and milk a thousand cows. Long, long rows of cows, as far as he could see. And his legs ached with walking, and his arms ached with milking, and he was completely exhausted.

Just then he woke up. My, what a relief it was to find he did not have to milk a thousand cows nor walk miles to school! He was just Bobby Chase, and all he had to do was to tend the furnace and run a few errands to the corner store. Then he remembered that he was on a vacation. "Vacation?" he said to himself. "Where did I get that idea?" And all at once it came over him how silly he had been. "Why, I guess my mother hasn't had a vacation in ten years, nor my father, either, except for our week at camp last year. Look here, Bobby Chase, you'd better get busy and do something to show your folks you really do think of them."

So he got up and started downstairs to fix the furnace. On the way down, he met his father, bound on the same errand. "Why, good morning, Mr. Chase," his father said pleasantly. "Anything the matter?"

"Mr. Chase, nothing," said Bobby. "My name's Robert, and this vacation business is all off. I'm working to-day."

Hymn: "O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known."

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we are glad that thou didst give us homes, and fathers and mothers and friends. Help us to understand that the best way to have a happy home is for each person in it to do his share toward keeping it homelike. Help us to find out what our share is, and to do it willingly and gladly. Help us to do our share everywhere, and so follow in the footsteps of Jesus, and help in the bringing about of the kingdom of love. Amen.

Offering Service.

CHAPTER IX

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR APRIL

Theme for the Month: Easter and Springtime

Problem in the Junior Child's Life.—Easter to many Juniors is just another holiday time or festival, connected with feasting and the giving of gifts. To others, the crucifixion and resurrection are isolated events in the life of Christ that bear no relation to the rest of his life.

Closely allied to the Easter thought is the reawakening of life in nature. It is amazing how few children, even in rural districts, see the beauty around them in springtime. Too often it is merely an opportunity to play baseball again or to engage in outdoor sports.

Aim.—To help the child appreciate the heroic culmination of the life of Christ and more of the meaning of Easter; to relate to their own living in the Kingdom of God both the Easter message and the marvelous awakening of new life in the world about them.

First Service

The First Easter

(To be used on Easter Sunday.)

Quiet Music: "The Palms" (Faure).

Call to Worship:

Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
Alleluia!

—*Charles Wesley.*

The Lord's Prayer.

Hymn:

Lift up, lift up your voices now;
The whole wide world rejoices now;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously.

In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

And all he did, and all he bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope, and joy, and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

—*John M. Neale.*

Leader: What special day is this? Why do we celebrate it? In some of our worship services we have talked about Jesus; how God sent him so that people might know God better, and how bravely and unselfishly he lived, spreading the Kingdom of God about which he taught. Many of the people who lived at this time did not want to listen to him because they were not willing to accept the things he taught and lived. They became more and more angry with him and, finally, he had either to run away and hide or lose his life. We cannot imagine Jesus running away, nor did he, but bravely into the midst of danger he walked unafraid and gave up his life that God's work might go on. Down through the ages to the present day, the echo of his life and death and his wonderful resurrection ring, and our hearts are glad at Easter time because of it.

Responses:

Leader: In John's Gospel, we find a record of some of the last words Jesus spoke to his disciples before his death. They are beautiful, and after Jesus' resurrection the disciples remembered them and understood their meaning. Our reading to-day is from these sayings of Jesus.

Leader: Yet a little while, and the world beholdeth me no more; but ye behold me: because I live, ye shall live also. In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

Juniors: He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me and shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself in him.

Leader: If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love.

Juniors: This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.

All: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I have commanded you.

Dramatization: The Easter Story. (*Alternate plan—Telling the Easter story.)*

Reader (before stage is revealed to the department). And when even was come, after Jesus was crucified, there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple; this man went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded it to be given up. And Joseph took the body and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in a rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb and departed. And Mary Magdalene was there and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulcher.

Now on the morrow, which is the day after the Preparation, the chief priests and the Pharisees were gathered together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said while he was yet alive, After three days I rise again. Command therefore that the sepulcher be made sure until the third day, lest haply his disciples come and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead; and the last error be worse than the first.

(Screen or curtain hiding scene withdrawn. Dull curtains or screens as background, with a screen to indicate the tomb may be used, or a garden may be simulated with the use of Easter plants, the tomb being a box or chair, with a stiff piece of brown paper placed irregularly over it, with a piece of beaver board or wall board for the circular stone.)

(Quiet music, while Mary and Mary Magdalene come softly on the stage and kneel near the tomb. Then two priests, followed by a Roman guard, enter. It is very effective to have all these characters enter from the rear of the room, approaching the platform by the center aisle, wearing eastern costumes as in earlier dramatizations. As the priests and guard near

the tomb, the women shrink back; they shrinkingly leave the stage. Joseph goes back into garden, going out by rear door, or stays out of sight behind the screen. The priests seal the tomb.)

First Priest. The tomb seems fast sealed. It is well that Caiaphas sent us to seal it and that he prevailed on Pilate to have it done, and to send a guard. We have had enough trouble with this fellow.

Second Priest. Well, he can do no harm now. With this seal and Pilate's watch, his disciples cannot get the body and raise the cry that he is risen. A great fuss about a small matter. The people will soon quiet down.

First Priest. Aye, that may be so. Yet methinks they will not soon forget the darkness that covered the city nor the earthquakes. Too bad they happened at the same time.

Second Priest. Well thou sayest it. Even I trembled when the veil of the temple parted, and should like to have died of fear but that Annas laughed at our thinking that it had aught to do with this man.

First Priest. We are well rid of his blasphemy. Calling himself the Son of God! Didst ever hear such foolish claims? See where it hath brought him. But let us away; it groweth dark. *(To soldiers.)* Keep a strict watch over this place. See that none approach it. *(Priests retire from stage.)*

(Quiet music to indicate passing of time. Junior choir might sing softly, first two stanzas of "O, Sacret Heart, Now Wounded," Then an angel enters, and takes away the stone, while the guard fall to the ground in terror. Angel retires behind tomb. Women come down aisle to stage.)

Mary Magdalene. But who will roll us away the stone, so that we may anoint his body?

Mary. Thinkest thou we could prevail upon the soldiers to do it for us?

Mary Magdalene (looking closely at tomb). It *is* rolled away, and the tomb is empty!

Angel (appearing from back of tomb). Fear not! Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified. He is not here. He is risen. See, the place where they laid him.

Mary. Risen?

Angel. Aye, as he said. He is risen.

Mary Magdalene (with uplifted arms). The Lord is risen, is risen! Take us to him that we may see him!

Angel. Nay, he is not here. He goeth to meet his friends.

Mary Magdalene. Come, let us tell his disciples.

Angel. Go forth, and tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see him, as he said unto you. *(Angel leaves stage. Women watch reverently.)*

Mary. Let us make haste, Mary of Magdala. They must all know of this thing.

Mary Magdalene (as they leave stage). This is truly the day of the Lord. He is risen from the dead! I know now that my Redeemer liveth, he liveth indeed!

Hymn: "Sweet and Clear the Birds Are Singing." [1]

Sweet and clear the birds are singing,
At Easter dawn!
Hark, O hear! the bells are ringing,
On Easter morn;
And the song that they sing,
The good news that they bring,
Is, "Christ the Lord is risen, is risen!"

Birds, your hearts give to your singing,
And feel no fear!
Bells, fill all the air with ringing,
Let all men hear!
For the whole world is glad,
And with beauty new is clad,
Now Christ the Lord is risen, is risen!

Leaf and bud, as now, were growing
In Galilee;
Lilies Jesus loved were blowing
As fair to see;
When the first Easter morn
Woke the world to joy new-born,
For Christ the Lord was risen, was risen!

Easter buds will soon be flowers,
Fragrant and gay;
Winter's snows give place to flowers,
And night to day;

[1] Copyright. See page 194 for music.

Hope and joy come again!
Life and light forever reign!
Yes! Christ the Lord is risen, is risen!

Prayer: We thank thee, O Father, that Jesus came to live his matchless life here on earth, to die and to live again. We thank thee that we may know about it and that through it we may understand thee better. We thank thee for the springtime, with its joys and hopes. Help us always to love and trust thee, and to live to please thee. Amen.

Alternate plan for prayer. Those responsible for planning the Easter service may like to prepare a prayer with responses, something like the following:

Leader: For the beautiful life of Jesus, strong, true and brave, lived unselfishly day by day, showing forth the love of the Heavenly Father and setting an example of perfect living for all who have come after him.

Response (sung to last two lines of "For the Beauty of the Earth"):

Father, unto thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Leader: For the heroic death of Jesus on the cross, revealing to us his true greatness and purpose, and for his resurrection from the dead, giving us the hope of eternal life,

Response:

Father, unto thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Leader: For the coming of new life in the spring, with its beauty, reminding us of that greater life upon which Jesus entered, and which we may share with him,

Response:

Father, unto thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Offering Service. (The following dedication hymn might be used during the month.) Tune, "As with Gladness Men of Old."

As to thee the men of old
Offered gifts of spice and gold,
As thou gav'st thy life to show
Forth the Father evermore,
So may we our offering bring
Unto Christ the Heavenly King.

SECOND SERVICE

The Easter Message in Springtime

Quiet Music: "Spring Song" (Mendelssohn).

Call to Worship:

Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land.
I will bless the Lord at all times,
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
(Song of Solomon 2: 11, 12.)

The Lord's Prayer.

Responses: Psalm 24: 1-5. (Memory selection.)

Leader:

The earth is Jehovah's and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.

Juniors:

For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods;

Leader:

Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

Juniors:

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.

All:

He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Hymn:

We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;

For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from thee.

Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As thou dost gird thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts thy love has given,
Help us in thee to love and die,
By thee to rise from earth to heaven.

—George E. L. Cotton.

Leader: It seems a very happy thing that we should celebrate Jesus' resurrection or awakening to new life just as new life is coming all about us in springtime. Two great artists have given us a music picture of these great events.

The first piece of music brings us a message of spring. The great musician who composed it was Mendelssohn; he called it, "Spring Song." As we listen to it, I think you will hear birds singing through green fields and will almost see the meadows bright with spring flowers, and breathe the pure, sunshiny air of spring. (Music may be played on piano, or on victrola. Afterwards, the leader may, if it seems wise, ask the children what they liked about it. Perhaps some may ask to have parts of it played again, so that they may imagine the parts where birds sing, or streams ripple, or children play.)

The second piece of music was written by Handel and tries to give us the song the angels sang when Jesus arose from the dead. It is a part of a larger piece which tells about the last days of Jesus' life and his death and resurrection. It is called the "Hallelujah Chorus." When the musician came first to England, many rich and noble people, including some of the royal family, went to the theater to hear this new music sung by a great choir which Handel trained. They were not much interested at first, but found it more and more beautiful. At last there came the burst of music in the

Hallelujah Chorus. It almost seemed as if a choir of angels was singing the wonderful strains. Like a single person the entire audience rose to their feet and remained standing until the music died away. Since then, it is the custom in many places for people to stand when this chorus is given. Let us stand reverently as we listen to this song of rejoicing because Jesus has risen from the dead. (A victrola record is probably best for this music. If it cannot be obtained, the music might be played on the piano while the children imagine the voices singing Hallelujah over and over again.)

Silent Prayer.

Prayer by Leader: O God, we thank thee for beautiful music that makes us feel thy presence and thy glory. We thank thee for the promise of eternal life, and for the joy of springtime, because we see and feel near us and recognize thy handiwork in the spring flowers and spring life about us. Amen.

Hymn: "Ring, Happy Bells of Easter Time."[1]

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world is glad to hear your chime;
Across wide fields of melting snow
The winds of summer softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Easter time, of Easter time!

Chorus: The world is glad to hear your chime,
Ring, happy bells of Easter time!

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime;
The Lord is risen! The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime,
At Easter time, at Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
Our happy hearts give back your chime;
The Lord is risen! We die no more!
He opens wide the heavenly door;
He meets us while to him we climb,
At Easter time, at Easter time.

Offering Service.

[1] Copyright. See page 193 for music.

THIRD SERVICE

The Beauty of Spring

Quiet Music: "Melody in F" (Rubenstein).

Call to Worship:

Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land.

I will bless the Lord at all times,
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Opening Prayer.

Responses: Psalm 8.

Leader:

O Jehovah our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth,
Who hath set thy glory upon the heavens.

Juniors:

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained,
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God
And crownest him with glory and honor.

Leader:

Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands,
Thou hast put all things under his feet,
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the fields,
The birds of the heavens and the fish of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

All:

O Jehovah, our Lord.
How excellent is thy name in all the earth.

Hymn: "A Song of Spring."[1]

Hark! to the music of birds singing near;
See in the meadow sweet flowers appear,
Bringing the message that springtime is here,
God's gift of hope and joy.

"Gone," sing the brooks, "is the ice and the cold."
Bright in the sunshine flowers unfold;
Each day a new note of joy is enrolled,
Thankful for God's gift of spring.

God is our Father, he cares for us all,
Buds, birds,, and blossoms come at his call;
Let us, with nature in springtime rejoice,
Praise him with heart and with voice.

Leader: Perhaps some of you have been out in the woods, or along country roads lately, and have seen how beautiful everything is just now. The birds are all back, singing as they build their nests; flowers and trees have put on beautiful new colors.

Story: "The Road That Became Beautiful."

There was once a certain road leading from the country to the town. We came upon it first in late winter, with the snow melting on the ground, and thought how very plain and ugly it was. It was not a great highway, but a rather crooked little road, not very well kept, for not many people traveled that way.

But as the warmer weather came, and the snow had all gone, the road began to change. First of all, the grass at the side grew green, and, to our surprise, crowds of purple violets and trilliums appeared as the trees at the roadside began to put forth their leaves.

"Why," we said to one another, "it is not so ugly as we thought. No road could be ugly with trees and violets and trilliums growing along it."

Then some of the trees, wild plum and cherry, came out in blossom and the air was filled with fragrance. Families of robins and bluebirds, little

[1] Copyright. See page 197 for music.

yellow warblers and thrushes built their nests in the trees, and sang merrily all day long. As if that were not enough, the little gray cocoons began to open, and moths and butterflies, with many colored wings, fluttered in and out along the brown road.

It was so very beautiful now that we decided we must find some one with whom to share it. A letter to a great city brought two small boys and their sister for a week-end holiday. They loved the out of doors, and had little chance to enjoy it in the crowded city.

Happy? They were so delighted with the little road that they could scarcely bear to leave it when their holiday was over. One of the children had taken many pictures of it with his camera. "Of course, the colors won't show," he said. "But we can look at the pictures and remember just how the brown road looked."

Then he added thoughtfully, "Our class is preparing the worship service in our Church school next Sunday. Wouldn't it be lovely to have it all about the little brown road? We could sing that hymn about the flowers that live by the highway, and perhaps we might have a lantern slide made from one of the pictures." In planning for the service, he almost forgot his sorrow in leaving the little road.

The little road that had become so beautiful went on its quiet way. Many people who saw it gave thanks for its beauty, until it almost seemed as if the little road itself were trying to express its gratitude, too, for being the cause of so much happiness.

Let us sing the prayer hymn about the flowers that was used in the worship service that next Sunday.

Hymn (to be sung as a prayer): "We Thank Thee, O Our Father."[1]

We thank thee, O our Father,
For all thy loving care;
We thank thee that thou madest
The world so bright and fair;
We thank thee for the sunshine,
And for the pleasant showers;
And, O our God, we thank thee,
We thank thee for the flowers.

Out in the sunny meadows,
And in the woodlands cool,

[1] See page 190 for music.

Upon the breezy hillside,
And by each reedy pool,
And in the quiet pasture,
And by the broad highway,
All pure, and fresh, and stainless,
They spring up every day.

And in the dusty city,
Where busy crowds pass by,
And where the tall, dark houses
Stand up and hide the sky,
And where through lanes and alleys
No pleasant breezes blow,
E'en there, O God our Father,
Thou mak'st the flowers grow.

And whether in the city,
Or in the fields they dwell;
Always the same sweet message
The fair, sweet flowers tell.
For they are all so wonderful,
They show thy power abroad;
And they are all so beautiful,
They tell thy love, O God.

Offering Service.

FOURTH SERVICE

The New Awakening

Quiet Music: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" (Elton).
Call to Worship:

Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land.

I will bless the Lord at all times,
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Opening Prayer.

Memory Responses: Psalm 19. (See third service for November.)

Hymn: "This Is My Father's World."[1]

Leader: We seem to see God working in his world very clearly in the spring when the coming of new life speaks so strongly of his handiwork. It seems as though we could scarcely help being conscious of his presence at such a time. Sometimes those who have not thought a great deal about him during the winter, or who have not understood him very well, begin to appreciate his love and power afresh in the wonderful new life of spring.

Story: "A Legend of Spring."[2]

Once upon a time there lived an old man who did not get on very well in the world, so he left other people and went to live in the forest all by himself as a hermit. He was very unhappy and discontented, believing that everything was very wicked. He prayed to God that great storms might come and destroy every living thing, even the trees and the birds that might build their nests in the branches. The hermit accustomed himself to standing still for hours at a time, praying thus, and in time he became so rugged and weatherbeaten that it was hard to tell him from the broken and gnarled stumps that appeared here and there in the forest.

But, although the hermit prayed earnestly, the great storms did not come, only the gentle rains and sunshine of spring. The birds commenced building their nests, gladdening the air with their songs as they worked.

At length, a pair of little birds, searching for a suitable location, discovered a lovely hollow in a rough old stump, and began building operations. The lovely hollow was the outstretched hand of the old hermit as he stood motionless before God.

The birds fluttered about excitedly, twittering and breaking out into song as they finally decided to build in the hermit's hand. But as the decision was made, the close of day came, and the hollow mysteriously disappeared. The old hermit had gone to rest for the night. In the morning, they found it again, and eagerly flew back and forth, with twigs and bits of moss, and when night came again, the nest was finished.

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[1] See page 195.

[2] Rewritten from "The Legend of the Bird's Nest," by Selma Lägerlof.

Now the first day, the hermit had scarcely noticed the birds, his mind had been so intent on his prayers; but the second day, when they were building the nest, his attention had been drawn to them early in the morning. At first he had been about to spurn them because he was so displeased with everything, but they seemed so innocent and happy, and were so beautiful in their plumage and graceful in their movements, that his heart softened toward them, and he no longer wished to harm them. He faltered somewhat in his prayer for destruction, and began to wonder what evil could be wrapped up in such happy, busy little creatures. He finally became interested in them, and began to watch eagerly for their return as they flew about in search of materials for the nest.

Through the years the old man had trained his body to obey his will, even to keeping still for long periods of time, and that night he did not go home, but held the nest in place, while the birds stayed on guard. Some little children, who had formerly been afraid of him, came by. When they found him holding the nest, they feared him no longer, but brought him food and drink, and arranged a rest for his arm, so that he might sit down at night and sleep.

Soon four little spotted eggs were in the nest, and the mother bird sat on them while the hermit remained patiently in his place. He learned to sleep while sitting down, eating the food the children brought him, while he carefully held the nest, so that the birds might not be disturbed. By and by the eggs disappeared and their places were taken by tiny birds, so helpless and hungry that the parents were busier and more concerned than ever, and the hermit's heart was touched at sight of them. He hoped at first that the great storm might not be sent until the birds were fully grown; then day by day his prayer faltered, until a ray of light came into his confused mind. Perhaps, since these little birds were evidently beautiful and good, he had been mistaken in thinking all things evil. Perchance God knew better than he, in making such wise provision for their care; and, perchance too, he cared for all creatures, even for people, wicked though they might be, and felt disposed to help them, even as the hermit wanted to help the tiny little fledglings.

As spring advanced, with new life appearing on every side, it awakened also in the hermit's heart, and discontent and bitterness gave place to peace and trust. When the little birds needed his care no longer, he left his lonely forest, and lived in happiness among those whom he had hated,

seeing God's hand now in the lives of those about him, and serving where he might.[3]

Prayer: Our Father, help us to see thee in the lives of those about us. Help us to look for what is best in every one. If we have not loved thee better when we have listened to the singing of the birds, grant that our eyes and ears may be opened, so that we may see thee, too, in the things of nature. Wilt thou be our constant companion in our daily life, for we know that only in thy presence can we live our lives courageously and sincerely. Amen.

Hymn: "We Thank Thee, Lord, for This Fair Earth."

Offering Service.

CHAPTER X

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR MAY

Theme for the Month: God's World-Wide Family

Problem in the Junior Child's Life.—A feeling of racial superiority and intolerance is shown frequently in the attitude of the Junior toward people of other races. It is in evidence particularly in school life and in other contacts with these people in the community.

Aim.—To lead the Juniors to develop a sense of the universal Fatherhood of God; to help them see that people of other races are his children, also; to help them worship God in a broad spirit of human brotherhood and understanding.

First Service

The Golden Rule

Quiet Music: "Flower Song" (Lang) or "I Think When I Read."
Call to Worship:

God of the strong, God of the weak,
  Lord of all lands and our own land,
Light of all souls from thee we seek,
  Light from thy light, strength from thy hand.
—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Opening Prayer:
Hymn:

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
  When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
  I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

—*Jemima Luke.*

Bible Reading (by leader, group, or in concert):

And they were bringing unto him little children, that he should touch them; and the disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not; for to such belongeth the kingdom of God. Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein. And he took them in his arms and blessed them, laying his hands upon them.

Leader: Of what nationality were the children in the story just read? Do you think Jesus would have called them to him just the same if they had been Chinese children? or children from our own country? Yes, all children and all people belong to God. It is just as if we were all his great family, though sometimes we forget that this is so.

Two very different things occurred on the same city street not long ago. First of all, two boys came walking along, just out of school, each with a strap of books over his shoulder. They were evidently close friends, talking and laughing, stopping occasionally to look in a store window, or tossing a ball as they went along. One was a native of our own country, the other was Chinese. Each had discovered that race and color are no barriers to friendship, but that they add interest and variety to it.

At the other end of the street some boys were yelling insulting names at a Chinese laundryman, who was peaceably going his own way, interfering with no one. I wondered if those boys had ever heard the story of Tommy.

Story: "Tommy's Dream."[1]

One morning, as Tommy's mother was urging him to "hurry up or he'd be late for school," a knock was heard at the side door. It was Oliver and George, two boys who lived near by, calling for Tommy to come along to school. "Do hurry up!" they exclaimed. "It's nearly nine o'clock, and we'll miss all the fun with Dutchy."

"Who's Dutchy?" mother inquired.

[1] Rewritten from "Tommy and Dutchy."

"O, he's the queerest kid you ever saw, Mrs. Johnson," Oliver assured her. "He comes from Holland, and his clothes are awful funny. And he gets so mad when we tease him, and he can't say anything back, 'cause he can't talk hardly any English. Gee, it's lots of fun."

Mother did not look as if she agreed with him. "And how would *you* like it, if you went to Holland, and the boys over there treated you that way?"

"O, we aren't going to Holland," they called as they trooped off to school.

Oliver and George and Tommy lost no opportunity that day of teasing poor "Dutchy." But Tommy wasn't very comfortable about it.

"How *would* I feel, anyway, if I were in Holland, and the boys were so mean?" He couldn't help thinking about it over and over again.

He was very quiet that evening, and as he said "Good night" to his mother he asked, "Do you suppose 'Dutchy' minds very much, mother?"

"He probably minds just as much as you would if you were in his place," mother replied. "All boys and girls are pretty much alike, since God made them all members of his big family."

Tommy went to sleep, thinking about it. It seemed as if he had scarcely closed his eyes before a gruff voice called him and a rough hand pulled him out of bed.

"Come along, now," the voice said. "It's time we were off."

And the big man, clad in leather garments, to whom the voice belonged, led Tommy to the window and helped him into a huge aëroplane, which waited just outside.

Before Tommy could recover from his amazement, they were off, and once the journey began, the roaring of the wind and the noise of the engine made questions useless.

Where could they be going? Up and up they went until even the clouds were left below them. And still they journeyed on, though whether they were still going up or merely through the air at the same level, he could not tell.

After what seemed to be hours and hours, the aëroplane gradually descended. Tommy leaned over to see where they were. He saw windmills and lots of water. Here and there were bright green fields, while other spaces were filled with bright-colored flowers. As the aëroplane came to the ground, Tommy ventured to ask, "Where are we?"

"Holland," was the brief answer. "Get out."

Tommy climbed out. He was glad to be on solid ground once more, and looked about him with interest at the strange things he saw.

"You're to stay over there," the man said, pointing to a house near by. Then, as Tommy turned to look at the house, the man climbed into the aëroplane again.

Tommy ran toward him. He did not want to be left here all alone. He wanted to go home. But already the aëroplane was rising, and the noise drowned out Tommy's cries.

He was alone in a strange land.

Well, he might as well go to the house where he was to stay, he thought to himself, and trudged bravely toward the open door. A kind-looking woman met him as though she had expected him, and gave him some breakfast. Then she called to some boys who were passing, and sent him off to school with them.

What queer clothes they wore! Great loose trousers, and wooden shoes, and funny caps. They looked at Tommy in a queer way, but said little until they reached school. The teacher placed him in a seat, but everything was strange, and Tommy did not know at all what to do. The teacher frowned at him, and the children giggled when he could not understand the things he was told to do. He felt very stupid indeed.

But worse was yet to come. The class was dismissed, and the children went to the playground. They crowded around him and, strange to relate, he suddenly found that he could understand what they were saying, although he could not speak to them.

"Say, kid, where'd you get the clothes?"

"Was your mother short of cloth when she made your suit?"

"Look at his shoes!"

"Where'd you get that hat?"

"Get him mad, so he'll talk. Gee, doesn't he talk funny?"

"Stupid! stupid! can't even talk!"

It got worse and worse, until poor Tommy felt that he couldn't stand it any longer. O, if he could only be home once more. Now he knew how Dutchy felt. How had he ever been so mean! But, O, it was so far from home!

Just then he seemed to be falling. He grabbed at the nearest boy to save himself, and, to his surprise, found that he was lying on the floor beside his own bed with the cover of the little table near it in his hands.

Mother came running in to find out the cause of the crash she had heard, crying, "Are you hurt, Tommy? Whatever is the matter?"

"O mother," Tommy implored as mother disentangled him from the bedclothes. "You won't let them tease me any more, will you, mother?"

Of course, as Tommy wakened up, he realized it had just been a dream. But he'll never forget that awful playtime in Holland, when all the boys were teasing him, and he couldn't say a word. So now he and Oliver and George walk to school each morning with Dutchy, and help him with his lessons and take his part when any one starts to tease him. And I'm quite certain that four boys are very much happier because of Tommy's dream trip to a far-away land, and his unpleasant experiences there.

Prayer: Grant to all people, we beseech thee, our Father, understanding of the hearts of others, and a desire to help, even as they themselves look for and appreciate kindness and consideration from those about them. Help us to follow the example of Jesus, who was a friend to all and who taught us that all nations belong to thee. Amen.

(Memory Scripture. 1 Corinthians 13 might be used with this service.)

Hymn:

Immortal love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

—*Arranged from John G. Whittier.*

Offering Service. (It would be particularly appropriate to donate the offering for this month to immigration work especially among children. Red Cross or missionary workers meet these newcomers at the port of entry, provide comforts for the remainder of the journey, and look after the welfare of these people in many ways. In addition to the prayer of dedication, the last stanza of the hymn above might be repeated and used as part of the service during the month.)

SECOND SERVICE

A Brave Worshiper

Quiet Music: "Simple Aveu" (Thomē).

Call to Worship:

God of the strong, God of the weak,
Lord of all lands and our own land,
Light of all souls from thee we seek,
Light from thy light, strength from thy hand.
—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Opening Prayer.

Responses: Psalm 67.

Leader:

God be merciful to us, and bless us,
And cause his face to shine upon us,
That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy salvation among all nations.

Juniors:

Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.

Leader:

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy;
For thou wilt judge the peoples with equity,
And govern the nations upon earth.

Juniors:

Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.
The earth hath yielded its increase;
God, even our God, will bless us.

All:

God will bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Hymn:

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

—*Charles Wesley.*

Leader: We often have heard or read stories of brave Christian people who dared all things because of the love in their hearts for God and their desire to please him and to help others. Many have gone into danger and many have given their lives for him. Some of God's other children, who do not worship him just as we do, are equally brave. In many parts of Japan, they have as part of their religion the worship of their Emperor and Empress, who, they believe, are descendants of the sun-god and represent him to the people. Children in Japan go to school every day, much as we do, and in every school are large portraits of the Emperor and Empress, which the children salute every day and which are their most precious possessions. One of the teachers is responsible for the care of these pictures, and is expected to keep them unharmed at any cost. They are not in frames like ours, but are long and easily rolled up. In case of danger, the one in charge of them could roll them up and carry them easily to safety.

One day, at noon hour in one of these schools, when all the children and most of the teachers were over on the athletic field, taking part in games, a fire broke out in the building. Japanese buildings burn very quickly, and before the teachers and children noticed it the fire had gotten such a start that nothing could save the school. All raced back to try to save what they could from the burning building, but it was too late. Some of the teachers, who had been in the school, had tried their best to save as much as they could, but the smoke and flames had beaten them back, and some of them had been carried out unconscious.

Suddenly, Kato, one of the boys, thought of the sacred pictures. They were nowhere to be seen, and he remembered now that an injured teacher had been the one who had charge of them. Without a pause, Kato rushed into the burning building. At all costs, they must be saved. He could not see for the smoke; but, fortunately, the flames had not yet reached the room in which the pictures were hung.

Groping his way in the darkness, he stumbled along the wall, with a handkerchief over his mouth to keep from breathing the dense smoke.

After what seemed a long time, but which was really only a few moments, he came to them. Standing on a chair, he took them down, rolling them up quickly. Then he took off his coat and wrapped them up, so that they might not be singed, for the flames were now breaking out beside him. His clothes were burning as he staggered out into the open air. Kind hands promptly beat out the fire, while cheers went up for the brave little hero. In spite of his burns, he was very happy. He felt that he had indeed been true to his religion and risked his life for its sake.[1]

Prayer: Our Father, we thank thee for brave hearts the world over, no matter what their race or creed. Help us to understand thy love for them and approval of their earnest efforts to do right. Help us to look for the very best in people who are different from us, remembering that we always like other people to see the fine things about us and overlook our second best. Help us to forget our differences, and grant that people may learn to live together as one great family, white and red, yellow and black, sharing in God's love. Amen.

Hymn:

Father, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.

—*Love M. Willis.*

Offering Service.

THIRD SERVICE

God's Love in Human Brotherhood

Quiet Music: "Angel's Serenade" (G. Braga), or "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go."

[1] Rewritten from "Twins," Travelogue Series, Missionary Education Movement.

Call to Worship:

God of the strong, God of the weak,
Lord of all lands and our own land,
Light of all souls, from thee we seek
Light from thy light, strength from thy hand.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Opening Prayer.

Responses: 1 Corinthians 13. (Memory selection.)

Leader: If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels but have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Juniors: Love suffereth long and is kind. Love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Leader: Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

All: Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Hymn: "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy."

Leader: It may be very easy for us to say with our lips that we are ready to accept every person, no matter where he lives, or what his color, as a member with us of God's family; but it is not always so easy to prove that we really do love them as we ought to love our Father's other children. Some people have proved by their lives that they were willing to serve them, no matter what the cost.

Dr. Arthur Jackson, just graduated from medical college in 1912, went out to China, where doctors were very scarce and where many people suffered because no one knew how to help them when they were sick.

While he was learning the language, he attended many people who needed

his help. He thought how splendid it would be if there could be a medical college in that part of China, in which Chinese themselves could learn to be doctors and care for their own people.

At this time the dreaded plague broke out in North China. Many people were dying with it, for no cure was known. A railway had been built from the north to the south, and on this line hundreds of laborers were coming in every day to work in the south. The doctors knew that, unless something was done at once, the plague would spread to South China, carried down by these laborers.

"I believe we could stop it," one of them said, "if we had a medical inspector at Mukden. All the trains from the north come in there, and we could examine all who come on them and separate any who are infected with the plague."

"Yes," said another, "but it means almost certain death to the medical inspector. He'd be sure to take it sooner or later, exposed to it every day."

"It will mean death to thousands, and perhaps millions, of Chinese, if it isn't done. And he has a chance of not getting it."

Dr. Jackson had been thinking hard. Should he do it? Could he leave these people to suffer? What would happen to the medical college he wanted to open? For he knew that he could scarcely hope to escape taking the disease. But he could not leave these people unprotected, no matter what the consequences to himself. They were God's people, and he must serve them.

So Dr. Jackson went to Mukden. It was cold weather, and he wore his fur coat under his white surgeon's robe. He wore oilskin boots and gloves, and had a shield soaked with disinfectant over his face, protecting himself in every possible way. The first train had four hundred coolies. Dr. Jackson examined them all, separated those who showed signs of infection, and gave direction for prevention to the others who continued their journey. For two weeks he continued this work, taking only short periods for lunches and rest. Then, one day, he could not get up, and the word spread that Dr. Jackson had the plague. Within a few hours he was gone, giving up his life for the people of China, people of another race and color, but beloved by him, because they, too, were God's children, although many of them had not yet heard of him.

When the news of his heroic deed spread, people everywhere were touched. When they heard that he had wanted a medical college in that part of China, for the training of native doctors, and had hoped some day to open

one, a large sum of money was given freely, that his wishes might be carried out.

In a short time the new building was erected, and a great work commenced in memory of the man who gave his life for others. He had indeed proved the brotherhood of people of different nations.

Prayer: O God, Father of all nations, draw us close together in one great family. Help each to feel the needs of others and to respond without consideration of creed or race or color. May thy Kingdom come upon earth until all join together in one great brotherhood, recognizing thy Fatherhood and their common destiny. Amen.

Hymn: "In Christ There Is No East or West."[1]

Offering Service.

FOURTH SERVICE

God's Family

Quiet Music: "Andante" (C. W. von Gluck), or "I Think When I Read."

Call to Worship:

God of the strong, God of the weak,
Lord of all lands and our own land,
Light of all souls from thee we seek,
Light from thy light, strength from thy hand.
—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Opening Prayer.

Hymn: Junior Pledge Hymn.[2]

We would be true, for there are those who trust us,
We would be pure, for sake of those who care;
Our place in life we're seeking to discover,
In God's wide world about us everywhere.

We would be friends of all the wide world over,
We would be growing like him every day,
Who when a child grew strong and wise and loving,
Filling his place in God's great world alway.

[1] See page 39.

[2] Junior Pledge Hymn, adapted from "I Would Be True," by Joseph Yates Peek.

Responses: Memory Selection—1 Corinthians 13, repeated as in previous service.

Leader (using Copping's picture, "The Hope of the World"):

We have been thinking, during this month's services, about God's family that takes in all the people in the world. A great artist made a picture that illustrates this very beautifully. (Use Copping's picture.) We have a story about another artist who painted a picture of the same subject.

Story: "God's Family."[1]

A beautiful new church was being completed. The great walls and towers had been rising day by day for many months, "ascending toward heaven," some one said, "like the prayers of those who would worship there." The high, peaked roof, that, like the towers, pointed skyward, was finished, and the stained glass windows, with their leaded panes and figures of angels and saints, were in their places. The great organ, whose music would thrill many hearts in days to come with thoughts of worship, reverence, and beauty, was ready for the touch of master hands. The workmen were putting the last touches on the exquisitely carved altar and arranging the comfortable pews for the worshipers. Only one thing was lacking. Over the altar, at the back of the church, was a great blank space, on which, it had been decided, was to hang the most beautiful picture that the greatest artist of the day could paint.

A committee of church members had approached the great artist and he had accepted the commission. For a long time he studied, trying to think of a subject beautiful enough for such an honored picture. At last he thought that he had found one. In the center would be the Great White Throne of the Heavenly King, and grouped about it many little children, singing, "Glory, glory be to God on high!" The more he thought of it, the more the subject grew on him, until he was convinced that this picture would be the finest he had ever painted.

He sketched in the outline, and then, with palette and brushes, he worked steadily, until one by one the faces of the little children appeared, and the Great White Throne towered magnificently over all. At last it was finished.

[1] Rewritten from "The Artist Who Forgot Four Colors," in "The Mayflower Program Book." Copyright. Used by permission of Doubleday, Doran and Co.

He sent word to the committee, and they arranged to see it next day, to decide if it was just what was needed for the space above the altar.

That night the artist carefully covered his picture, putting away his paints and brushes. He decided to sleep in the room next to the studio, so that he might get up early next morning to make sure that everything was ready for the inspection. When he had finally fallen asleep, it seemed no time until he was aroused by the sound of some one moving in the studio. At once he jumped up and rushed into the room.

To his astonishment, his picture was uncovered, and before it stood a stranger, palette in hand, painting on that precious canvas.

"Stop!" he cried. "What are you doing? You are ruining my picture!"

The man turned and looked at him. The artist, who had been about to seize his arm, hesitated in astonishment. Never before had he been in such a gracious presence. The stranger's gaze was penetrating, yet kindly, and ~~benign~~, and his face was lit with a radiance he had never seen before.

"Nay," the stranger said, "you had already spoiled the picture. I was but making it right."

And as the artist looked at the picture, he saw that the faces of the ~~dear~~ little children were changed. He had made them all fair with golden curls, as seemed to him most fitting, but the stranger had altered all that. Some of them now had yellow faces, with the slanting eyes of the Chinese and Japanese. Others were copper colored, like our own North American Indians. Still others were black or brown, like the children of India and Africa, and some had olive-hued skin, with dark hair clustering about their upraised faces. Some still had the fair faces and golden hair. And all were bright with happiness, so that you could almost hear their song, "Glory be to God on high!"

"What right had you to think that all of my children are white?" he asked sternly.

The artist stammered, "I really don't know. I'm afraid I didn't think about it at all," and he bowed his head.

When he looked up again, the stranger was gone, and, leaving his studio, the artist fell asleep. In the morning, the great morning when the members of the committee were to view his picture, he awoke with the feeling that he had had a vivid dream. He hurried into the studio and found it just as he had left it the evening before. It had been a dream, then. But the picture no longer satisfied him. Seizing his brushes, he worked eagerly,

changing it into the likeness of the picture he had seen in his dream. At last it was done. There, in the center, was the Great White Throne, and around it the children, with upturned faces of red and yellow, black and brown and white, with the song upon their lips. The artist bowed low before it with a strange sense of its beauty upon him, and as he bowed, the committee came in.

They, too, looked at it, and several of them commented upon it.

"How real it is!" one of them exclaimed. "You can almost hear the children sing."

"And the coloring," said another. "Look at the wonderful depth of those tones."

Then a dear old woman spoke up. "What I like about it," she said, "is that it's just a lovely picture of God at home with his family."

And so it was. And ever since then, people have come to the church to see the picture of the little children of all the world praising God, and some one gave it the name, "God's Family."

Prayer: Our Father, who lovest all people everywhere, and desirest that all should know thee, grant to all of us more lovingkindness in our dealings with one another. When we are tempted to be unkind to those of another color, help us to remember that we are all members of thy great family which knows no bounds of race or creed. Amen.

Hymn: "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old."

Offering Service.

(Alternate suggestion for this service, Appreciation of Copping's "Hope of the World.")

CHAPTER XI

WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR JUNE

Theme for the Month: God's Out of Doors

Problem in the Junior Child's Life.—Picnic time and holidays in the open come with June, loveliest of months. Next door to the writer, a lovely pair of cedar waxwings were nesting in a young maple tree. Clyde, ten years old, lover of birds, was intrusted with the secret. He went at once to his mother. "Mother, a pair of waxwings have a nest in the maple tree on the lawn. How can we keep Robert from finding it out? He'll be sure to take some of the eggs, if he knows it's there."

Birds' eggs and nests, flowers, shrubs, and all the beauties of the great out of doors are, to many children, just so many opportunities to loot and destroy. They not only fail to appreciate these things themselves, but make it impossible for other people to take pleasure in them. They are regardless, also, of the needless pain and suffering caused by their thoughtlessness to the little out-of-door folk.

Aim.—To lead the Juniors to know better God's great out of doors; to open their eyes to its beauties and opportunities, and to help them develop a spirit of coöperation with the Great Father who gives these privileges and with other people in their care and preservation.

First Service

God's Gift—His Great Outdoors

Quiet Music: "Spring Song" (Mendelssohn).

Call to Worship:

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white
Declare their Maker's praise.[1]

The Lord's Prayer.

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth."[2]

Responses: Psalm 104: 16-24 (or memory Psalm 19 or 24).

Leader:

The trees of Jehovah are filled with moisture,
The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests;
As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.
The high mountains are for the wild goats;
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.

Juniors:

He appointed the moon for seasons;
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night,
Wherein the beasts of the forest creep forth.

Leader:

The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their food from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labor until the evening.

All:

O Jehovah, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all;
The earth is full of thy riches.

Leader: Perhaps it was in the month of June that the psalmist wrote those beautiful words. I think he must have been walking through the countryside where he could see the mountains in the distance. Great

[1] Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission. See page 195.

[2] See page 55.

Lebanon cedars grew near the trickling rills that ran down into the valleys, and birds were singing as they guarded their nests and brought food for their young.

And as he saw it all in its beauty and grandeur, and listened to the music of the singing birds, his thoughts rose up to God, the Giver of it all, and he burst forth into song, "O Jehovah, how manifold are thy works, the earth is full of thy riches."

And sometimes when we are out under the trees with the green grass and flowers about, and the birds singing overhead, if we are very still, we can almost hear the same song of thanksgiving.

Birds singing in the tree tops,
  Flowers blooming in the grass,
Close by the shady pathways,
  Where children love to pass.

Clouds floating high above us,
  Boats sailing out to sea,
Far from the sandy seashore,
  Where children love to be.

Hill, mountain, field and valley,
  Each one in beauty drest;
And all the spreading shade trees,
  Where children love to rest.

These all make happy summer,
  God's gift—his great outdoors—
He made the trees and flowers,
  The sea and sandy shores.

(Melodies.)

Prayer: We thank thee, our Father, for this lovely month of June, for thy great gift, the out of doors. Surely when we see the beauty of trees and hills and flowers, and hear the music of our bird friends, we cannot help but love thee, who gavest them. And in our happiness amongst them, grant that we may draw closer to thee and see thee in all thy handiwork. Amen.

Hymn: "We Thank Thee, O Our Father." [1]

Offering Service: (If it can be arranged, the offering for June might ap-

[1] See page 190.

propriately be given to a fresh-air fund. As the treasurers bring the offering to the altar, a special prayer for those who are to benefit from it may take the place of or be used in addition to the usual dedicatory prayer or song.)

SECOND SERVICE

God's Little Folk at Work

Quiet Music: "Birds Singing in the Tree Tops" (Melodies).

Call to Worship:

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white
Declare their Maker's praise.[1]

Lord's Prayer:

Hymn:

My God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

Responses: Psalm 104: 1-14 (see first service in January).

Leader: In the trees and fields are many of God's little creatures who live according to the plan he has made for them every day. How wisely he has planned all things! When we watch these little people, our hearts are filled with a desire to praise him for the wonderful way in which

[1] Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

everything works together in field and forest. We are more interested, too, in our own tasks, for in them we may work together with our Heavenly Father.

Story: "The Little Girl Who Would Not Work."

There was once a little girl who loved to play all day out of doors. Her mother thought she would grow to be an idle girl if she played so much. "You are old enough to do some work, Mary," she said. "You should learn to be busy."

But Mary said: "O, mother, I do not like to work. Please let me go to the woods and play just a little while before I do my tasks." So her mother said she might play, but only for a little while.

Mary ran out of the house, across the garden, and down to the woods as fast as her feet could carry her. As she hurried along, she met the neighbor from next door, who was gathering a bunch of pink and white clover in the field near the woods. Now, this neighbor was a very understanding person, and Mary soon found herself telling her all about her love of play and how she hated work.

"I'd rather play like the bees and the squirrels," she said. "What fun they have, playing all day long! See, there is a red squirrel, now, running about in that oak tree."

The neighbor smiled. "Watch him," she advised. And as they watched, they saw him pick up an acorn, and carry it up to a hole in the trunk of the tree. Here he whisked out of sight, for a moment, only to return in a second or so, with empty mouth. Back he went again with another acorn, and another, and another.

"I think he has a family to feed in that hollow. Then he has to store up enough food to last through the winter. Do you think he is not working?"

"Well, maybe he is," Mary admitted, "but I don't believe that little brown bird works. He sings every minute or two and seems to do nothing at all but just fly about and have a good time."

"O that!" said her friend, "is Mr. Wren. He is a jolly fellow, but he works as hard as he sings. He and his mate have a nestful of little birds, and they have most unusual appetites. See him, now, looking under that leaf? Off he goes to the nest. Now he is singing again, and there is Mrs. Wren, coming with some more food. They help to keep the plants free from insects that would eat them up. If the wrens stopped working, we would soon find that our gardens and trees would suffer."

"But plants don't work, do they?" asked Mary, unwilling to admit that she was quite mistaken. "Look at the pink clover. It is just nodding its head in the breeze."

"O, doesn't it?" the neighbor responded. "It is drinking up the food and moisture from the earth and gathering in the sunshine all day long. See how beautiful they are!" And she held up the dainty pink and white blooms. "It seems as if God gave everything some work to do, doesn't it?"

Mary gathered a bunch of the sweet-smelling clover. "I think I'll be going back, now," she said. "Perhaps mother needs me."

When she returned, she gave the flowers to her mother, saying, "O mother, I've just found out how the clover works, to grow these lovely flowers. And I saw the birds and squirrels working, too. Isn't there something I can do?"

Her mother gave her some sewing that she had started long ago and had never finished. Mary worked on it until suppertime, when it was quite finished. Then she found that play was much more enjoyable because of the work she had done, and the apron that she had made seemed very beautiful.

"Now I understand," she said, "why the squirrels and birds are happy. I feel like singing myself." And as she went into the field the wren perched on a branch, singing his gay song, and the gray squirrel stopped to chatter a moment, with his head on one side, as if to join the happy chorus of contented workers.

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for work and for play. We thank thee, too, for all thy creatures, the birds and animals, for the ways in which everything works together with thee. Help us to do our part. May we work gladly, play fairly, and do our best to please thee always. Amen.

Hymn:

With happy voices singing,
Thy children, Lord, appear;
Their joyous praises bringing
In anthems full and clear.
For skies of golden splendor,
For azure rolling sea,
For blossoms sweet and tender,
O Lord, we worship thee.

For though no eye beholds thee,
No hand thy touch may feel,
Thy universe unfolds thee,
Thy starry heavens reveal.
The earth and all its glory,
Our homes and all we love,
Tell forth the wondrous story
Of One who reigns above.

And shall we not adore thee,
With more than joyous song,
And live in truth before thee,
All beautiful and strong?
Lord, bless our soul's endeavor
Thy servants true to be,
And through all life, forever,
To live our praise to thee.

—*William G. Tarrant.*

Offering Service.

THIRD SERVICE

Helping to Care for God's Out of Doors

Quiet Music: Andante from "Sonata in G" (Beethoven).

Call to Worship:

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white
Declare their Maker's praise.[1]

Lord's Prayer.

Hymn:

O God, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give;
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God, I thank thee that I live.

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[1] Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

That life I consecrate to thee,
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
And thank thee for another morn;

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

—*Caroline Wherton Mason.*

Responses: Psalm 23. (Memory selection.)

Leader:

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;

Juniors:

He maketh me lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters;
He restoreth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Leader:

Yea, though I walk through the valley o fthe shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Juniors:

Thou prepareth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

All:

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Leader: God cares, too, for the things of nature.

Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap or gather into barns, and your Heavenly Father feedeth them.

Juniors: Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not,

neither do they spin; yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Leader: While we are enjoying God's out of doors, especially while we are away on holiday trips, we sometimes forget that all beautiful things need care. Those of us who have gardens know how much time we have to spend on them, and how slowly they grow sometimes, and how easily they are destroyed. When we enjoy the wild things, we should remember that they, too, are easily destroyed. I am sure God wants us to work with him in caring for them. Sometimes people are careless, and a great deal of damage and suffering occurs as a result.

Story: "The Forest Fire."

A visitor to a certain little village had his attention drawn to a small, white-haired minister standing near. As he turned toward him he saw that, in spite of his white hair and scarred face, he seemed quite young.

"There is quite a story connected with that man," said the friend who was showing the visitor about the village. "You remember, no doubt, the terrible forest fires in the Windermere region a few years ago."

"Yes, indeed," the visitor replied. "Several little towns, and thousands of acres of valuable forest, were burned to the ground, and quite a number of people suffered severely."

"That minister," his friend said, "was living in one of those towns at the time. Most of the men were away helping the firefighters. The fire came sweeping down on the place so quickly that the people who were left behind could not get away. Some were caught in their homes, others in the streets. The only place of refuge was the lake, for forest stretched in every direction. Among others, the minister reached the water safely. But on checking over the people, some of them began crying out for missing friends. By this time the town was breaking out in flames. The minister ran back to one of the houses, and brought a frightened child to the lake. Still more were in danger. Sixteen times he rushed into the midst of the burning village and brought some helpless person to safety. He was badly burned and was very ill afterwards. But he was recognized as the hero of the village and was awarded a life-saving medal for his bravery.

The sad part of it was that the fire was apparently caused by a party of campers on vacation, who were not careful to put out their fire before leaving camp. A great many people suffered, some of whom will always show the effects of the disaster, like the little minister, with his snow-white hair and scarred face. The homes have been rebuilt, but there in place

of the forest is the blackened ground, where once stood the beautiful trees that had been growing there for perhaps a hundred years or more.

Leader: Our summer vacation would not be very pleasant if we could not enjoy the great trees and their pleasant shade, for trees are among God's best gifts to us.

The kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade,
This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree,
Hath cause to thank him gratefully.
—*Theodosia Garrison.*

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, thou hast given us so many beautiful things to enjoy and use that we cannot sufficiently express our gratitude. We know that thou art caring for them through the sunshine and rain, and in many other ways, and we are sorry if we have been selfish or careless in using them or if we have destroyed any of them. From now we will always be careful and try to do our share in keeping them beautiful and in protecting them, so that others may share in the joy they bring. Amen.

Hymn: "We Thank Thee, O Our Father."

Offering Service.

FOURTH SERVICE

Vacation Time

Quiet Music: "This Is My Father's World," or "To a Wild Rose" (MacDowell).

Call to Worship:

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white
Declare their Maker's praise.[1]

Lord's Prayer.

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Hymn:

The summer days are come again,
With sun and clouds between,
And, fed alike by sun and rain,
The trees grow broad and green;
Spreads broad and green the leafy tent,
Upon whose grassy floor
Our feet, too long in cities pent,
Their freedom find once more.

The summer days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain
And breath of clover fields,
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

The summer days are come again;
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing;
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim,
And every cloud his blessings break
In sunshine or in shower.[1]

Responses: Psalm 104: 16-24. (See first service for June.)

Leader: When we see the stars, in the sky above us, or the beautiful lakes and rivers or the trees, birds and flowers, we think of our Heavenly Father who made them. People of other races who worship God in a different manner often think of him, too, when they see the beauty of the out of doors. The North American Indians love the things of nature, for they live among them much more than we do. They have many nature stories, or legends, which have been handed down from one generation to another for a great many years, in the same way such stories as Little Red Riding Hood and Goldilocks have come to us. Some of the Indian stories are very beautiful and tell how the Great Spirit helped to make things in days long

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ago. While they are not true stories, they help us to think about things that are true and fine. One of the most beautiful is the Legend of the Moccasin Flower. This is the flower which we know as the Yellow Lady's Slipper. The legend tells of a very brave deed, of kindness, and of loyalty, and of their reward by the Great Spirit. When we hear it, I think we will want to worship the Great Spirit, whom we know as God, our Heavenly Father. And I am sure we will appreciate more than ever the beautiful flowers and the little creatures of forest and field when we see them through the summer.

Story: "The Legend of the Moccasin Flower."

In a pleasant wooded valley,
By a gently flowing streamlet,
Where it widens at the margin
Of the shining "Lake of Pigeons,"
Lay an Indian fishing village.
In and out among the wigwams
Played the happy laughing children,
But of all the merry playmates
None was half so sweet and winsome
As the daughter of the chieftain;
Known she was among the people
As the "little friend of all things."

One day, while walking in the forest, Little Friend of All Things found a large snowy rabbit caught underneath a fallen tree. She released him, but his hind feet were crushed and bleeding. These she bound up tenderly, putting on them her own little moccasins of palest yellow doeskin. The rabbit hopped away comforted, but the little Indian maiden found the thorny path to the village very hard to travel. Her feet were torn and bleeding, and she fell, weeping, to the ground.

Then the little feathered song birds,
Came to comfort her and cheer her,
Singing her their sweetest carols,
Till she sank in dreamless slumber.
While she slept the woodland creatures,
Great and small, and furred and feathered,
Cried aloud to the Great Spirit
To assist the little maiden
Who was called "The Friend of All Things."

Then from out the sleeping mosses,
Close beside the sleeping maiden,
Sprang two slender shoots of emerald,
Bearing on their pointed summits
Two small moccasins of yellow,
Sweet and soft, and faintly perfumed;
Such a dainty lady's slipper
Ne'er had been beheld by mortal.

Soon the "Little Friend of All Things"
Woke from out her dreamless slumber,
Rubbed her eyes, and gazed in rapture
At the dainty yellow slippers;
Drew them on her feet so slender,
Leaped and danced with airy lightness,
For the moccasins of yellow
Had a magic gift of healing.

Ever since, in early June time,
Have been found within the woodlands,
Springing up among the mosses
Slender roots of gleaming emerald,
Bearing moccasins of yellow,
Sweet and soft, and faintly perfumed,
And if you will look within them
You will see the tiny blood drops,

Little specks of brilliant carmine,
Left within the lady's slippers
By the wounded feet so tender
Of "the Little Friend of All Things."

—*Ida F. Terry.*

Prayer: Dear Father, we thank thee for the little folk of field and wood. Wilt thou help us to be kind and thoughtful for them always, and to do all we can to be friendly to them and make them happy. We thank thee, too, for the beautiful flowers, and for vacation time. We cannot help but think of thee when we are in the midst of thy handiwork. We are glad that we may talk to thee at any time, and that thou wilt be with us during our holidays,

when we may be away from our own Church. Help us to be true to thee always, and unselfish in our lives, remembering thy Kingdom in which we would ever live. Amen.

Hymn:

The beautiful, bright sunshine,
That shines on all below,
The waving trees, the cool, soft breeze,
The rippling streams that flow,
The shadows on the hillsides,
The many-tinted flowers,
O God, how fair thy loving care
Hath made this earth of ours!

The beautiful affections
That gather round our way,
The joys that rise from household ties,
And deepen day by day;
The tender love that guards us
Whenever danger lowers,
O God, how fair thy loving care
Hath made this world of ours!

Offering Service. (On this last Sunday in June, a statement of the way in which the offering is to be used will help to carry the interest of the children over the holiday months, especially if it is to be used for frcsh-air fund, or some similiar purpose. Most Juniors are easily interested in helping others, and their liking for practical things will lead them to look forward to a detailed statement in the fall of the happiness caused by their gifts.)

APPENDIX

ADDITIONAL WORSHIP MATERIAL

Stories

THE SHEPHERD'S STORY

THE night was chill, and the shepherds gathered closer to their scanty fire, waiting for the dawning of the day. Far out among the Judean hills they watched their flocks as others had watched before them from the time of David. One of them was well advanced in years, and was nearing the time when the flocks would see him no more.

"Tell us a tale, Simon," begged one of the other shepherds, a young lad barely yet full grown. "You have watched the flocks for many years. Many wonderful things must have happened during that time."

"Tell him, Simon, of the coming of the King. Surely that is the greatest of all your experiences, and we never tire of hearing of it." One of the other shepherds drew nearer in his earnestness.

Simon gazed thoughtfully at the eastern horizon, where already the brightening sky heralded the dawn.

"My time is nearly done," he said at last. "Fourscore years have passed since I first saw my mother's face. It is true that I was here when the King came, and erelong I go to join him and hear again the angel chorus I heard that night so long ago.

"It was another such a night as this, and then as now there were four of us guarding the flocks. I was not with the others, as it happened, for a young lamb had fallen in a crevice; over yonder hill it was, and it set up such a bleating that I feared wolves were near and went to find out the cause of the trouble. When I found that the lamb had fallen, it took some time to get it out and still longer to tend to its wounds, for it was torn where the briers had caught it as it fell.

"The night seemed very bright, unusually so, but I was thankful for this, because I could see better in the place where I found the lamb. Had it been as dark as it was an hour ago, I could scarce have found it at all.

"Then suddenly it seemed to grow brighter still, and the sound of music came to me. I looked around. The light appeared to be brighter over where

the other men were watching; so, the lamp being cared for, I left it beside its mother, and hurried over to this valley. The light grew brighter and the music clearer. I could make out the sound of voices, but could not understand the words at first. But as I drew closer to it, I heard as though a vast choir were singing the song you have heard the King's followers singing so often. Loud and clear and triumphant it rang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Over and over again it sounded, then slowly died away as the light faded.

"I joined my friends and asked them what had happened. They were greatly excited. An angel had appeared to them, they said, and had told them that the Christ-Child had been born in Bethlehem village yonder.

"'Truly, it is an amazing time,' I said. 'The town is full of people, come to be taxed. Think you they all know about it? Where shall we find him? There is no worthy place in the village for a King.'

"Nay, that is strangest of all,' they answered. 'We are to look for him in a manger. That is the sign.'

"'Let us make haste,' one of the shepherds cried, 'and see if it be really true, or if it be but a vision that we have seen.'

"So we came with all haste to Bethlehem, leaving one of our number to look after the sheep, especially the lamb that was hurt. When we reached the town, we were surprised to find it so quiet. We inquired discreetly concerning strangers who might have been forced, because of the crowds, to spend the night with the cattle. Several we found, but not until we came to the inn did we find a new-born babe. It was all just as the angel had said: 'A new-born babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' It was a wonderful moment. We knelt before him, and it seemed as if again we heard the angels' song. His parents seemed not at all surprised when we told them of the angel's message. They, too, knew that a marvelous thing had occurred. Then we left quietly, for fear of disturbing the others in the inn, but when we reached the hills again, we sang with rejoicing, for our King had come, and deliverance was at hand."

The old shepherd paused. "Yea," he said, slowly, "the King had come; but what a different Kindgom from what we then thought! No throne, no army, no clash of arms; yet he holds our hearts as none other could. And I shall see him soon again."

Each was quiet with his own thoughts as the story ended. The old man rested on his staff. Day was breaking, and the light from the distant mountains made them think of the angelic host that had appeared so long

ago on these very hills, which their comrade hoped to see again erelong. Silently each man took his staff and departed to his post.

UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST[1]

About noon on a calm summer's day, a party of ten horsemen drew near the village of Nazareth. They came from the south, evidently from Jerusalem. The people of the village crowded to their doors and gates to see them, for Nazareth was away from the main high road, and travelers were infrequent.

The approaching horsemen were soon discovered to be Roman soldiers, led by a decurion, or captain of ten. Much as the villagers hated the Romans, curiosity brought them into the street, and they followed the procession to the well at the northeastern corner of the little straggling village, where they knew that they must dismount.

As they followed, they observed a prisoner bound by his wrists to the saddle of one of the horsemen. He was afoot, stooped with exhaustion, and almost suffocated by the yellow dust, which rose in clouds as the horses proceeded. As they halted he sank to the ground in a stupor, unheeded by his captors.

The villagers were interested in him at once, especially as they saw that he was young, only a mere boy. They would have helped him had they dared, but fear of the Roman soldiers held them back.

As the soldiers were drinking at the well an elderly man, evidently a person of some importance in the village, approached. He carried some crude carpenter tools, and was followed by a young apprentice carrying an ax. He drew near the travelers.

"O Rabbi Joseph," cried one of the villagers, "come and ask the soldiers about this prisoner. See, he has fallen, and no one cares for him."

The rabbi glanced at the prisoner, and presently approached the decurion.

"Peace be unto you," he said gravely.

"And to you," the decurion replied.

"You come from Jerusalem?"

"Yes."

"Your prisoner is young. May I ask what he has done?"

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[1] Rewritten from "Ben-Hur."

"The charge against him is that he attempted the life of a Roman officer. He claims that it was an accident, but the charge was laid against him, nevertheless."

"Is he a Jew?"

"His father was a prince of Jerusalem. He lived in Herod's time. This lad's crime hath destroyed the house. He goes to the galleys—for life."

"The Lord have mercy on him!" exclaimed the rabbi earnestly.

At these words the young apprentice who accompanied Joseph laid down the ax he was carrying, and, going to the well, took from it a pitcher of water. Before the soldiers could stop him, and perhaps they were loth to interfere, he stooped over the prisoner and offered him drink.

At the kindly touch upon his shoulder he awoke, and looking upward, saw a face that he never forgot. It was the face of a boy about his own age, with clustering chestnut curls and deep blue eyes, full of love and sympathy, yet with a certain dignity and power. He drank deeply of the cool water. The young lad did not speak to him, but it seemed as though the spirit of the prisoner, hardened by cruelty, injustice and thoughts of revenge, softened under that kindly glance, and the unspoken blessing as the gentle hand rested on the dust-covered head a moment before leaving.

As the soldiers remounted they, too, seemed in better temper, for the decurion loosened the bonds of the prisoner and set him on a horse behind one of the soldiers. The Nazarenes went to their homes, and Joseph and the lad to their work.

Jesus of Nazareth had ministered unto one of the least of his brethren.

THE GREAT STONE FACE[1]

Long ago, when the earth was made, or perhaps when some great earthquake tumbled great rocks about, the side of a certain mountain happened to take the form of a human face. It was a strong, noble face, with high forehead, well-shaped nose, and firm chin, all of which could best be seen from a distance. The face was of great size. If its lips could have spoken, the sound would have shaken the valley, and the great forehead was hundreds of feet in height.

There is a village now in the valley. It has been there for many years,

[1] Adapted from the story by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

and has gathered stories and legends, which have been told by each generation to the next. One of these was about the great stone face on the mountain. It was said that, some day, a native of the valley would become great and famous, whose features would be exactly like those of the great stone face.

Ernest had heard this story from his mother, and they often talked about it, standing in the doorway of their cottage, from which the face could be clearly seen.

"Do you think, mother," Ernest would say, "that he will come soon? Shall I see him?"

And his mother would answer: "Perhaps you will, Ernest. No one knows. He may come any day."

And Ernest would look longingly at the rocky face, which seemed to hold such greatness of character behind it. Several times rumor said that the great man had come. Once it was a man who had gathered great wealth, and the people hailed him as the expected one; but his money was lost, and the man died, so the people knew they had been mistaken.

Likewise a famous warrior and a great statesman came among them, but they, too, failed to fulfill the expectations of the people, and again they were disappointed.

Ernest grew to be an old man. Still he gazed upon that marvelous face, and hoped that he might live to see the legend fulfilled. As the years passed, the people learned to love and honor him, for he seemed to have wisdom far beyond those about him, and people came from greater and greater distances to listen to the words which fell from his lips.

At evening, when his day's work was done, it came to be his custom to meet, at a spot near the mountain, those who wished to talk with him. Seated upon a rough stone seat, he would smile upon them and give them counsel which they found to be full of truth and wisdom, and his fame grew throughout the entire country.

One day a poet came to the village, and at evening he went with the others to hear Ernest speak. In the distance was the majesty of the mountain with its character graven in eternal stone. The setting sun made a halo about the brow and seemed to the poet like the halo of white hair about Ernest's head. Then, when Ernest raised his head and commenced to speak, the poet's eyes were opened, and he exclaimed in astonishment: "Why, Ernest himself is the likeness of the great stone face." It was so; the poet had seen what the villagers had not noticed. Ernest had

looked upon the face with its majesty and nobility so often, and thought about it so much, that he had grown like it, and his own face expressed a real character like that pictured upon the face of the mountainside.

THE PRODIGAL SON

THERE once lived a wealthy man who had two sons whom he loved dearly. The elder son was quiet and industrious, and helped his father in his business, but the younger son caused his father much anxiety. He was dissatisfied, cared nothing for business, and desired only to have a good time. He thought that if he could only get away from home with plenty of money, he would be quite happy. He never considered his father's happiness or felt any responsibility for the plans that had been made for him.

"Father," he said, one day, "will you give me my share of the property? I am not happy at home. I want to go out into the world and live my life as I please."

His father was grieved, of course, by this request, but after due consideration decided to grant it, concluding, no doubt, that the boy would do better away from home among strangers, where he would have to depend upon himself.

The son took his share of his father's wealth, and went away to a far country, where no one from home was likely to see him or know what he was doing. Here he spent all his money in wild and reckless living, finding out, in time that when his money was gone his new-found friends disappeared also. He soon found himself alone and friendless in a strange land.

To make matters worse, a great famine came upon the land. Every one was hungry. It was very difficult to secure grain and food supplies from other countries in those days, so the people suffered greatly. Among them was the young man who had journeyed so far from his home and real friends. In great distress, he sought food and help from a citizen, who, in order to get rid of him, told him to go into the fields and help feed his swine. Now, these animals were regarded as unclean by his people, but the wanderer was so hungry and miserable that he was glad to accept the offer and to share in the husks that were thrown to the swine.

In his rags and misery, he thought of his father and the comfortable home he had left so thoughtlessly. Even his father's servants had plenty of good food, and lived in the midst of abundance. He could never hope to

take his old place there; but if he might serve about the old home, perhaps they would allow him to stay. "How many servants of my father's," he said, "have bread enough and to spare, while I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy servants.'"

So he arose and went to his old home; and while he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran to meet him. During all the years his son had been away he had never ceased hoping that, some day, he might return, and had caused careful watch to be kept for him. Now, as he ran to meet him, his son bowed low before him and said, "Father, I have sinned before heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But his father raised him to his feet, and kissed him. He caused fine clothes to be brought, and a great feast to be made. He forgave him freely and rejoiced with his household at his return, for, he said, "This my son was dead and is alive; he was lost and is found."

So the young man lived again in the midst of plenty, restored by his father's great love.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A MAN once went on a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was not a long journey, only a few miles, but it was over a dangerous road that ran among the mountains of Judea, providing plenty of hiding places for brigands and highwaymen, and with no police to keep it safe. The traveler had gone only a short distance when he was waylaid by a party of robbers, who not only took all his valuables and his clothes, but also wounded him seriously, and left him lying half dead by the roadside.

After a time, a certain Jewish priest, perhaps on his way to Jerusalem to take his turn in conducting the temple services, came along the road and saw the wounded man. Now, the Jews had some very strange ideas about cleanliness. If the priest touched this man, he would be unclean in the eyes of the Jewish law until he had gone through some ceremonies to cleanse himself. At the very least this would be a bother, and perhaps an expense, and, especially if he were going to Jerusalem, it might mean losing his turn in assisting in the temple service, a very high honor, which only

came once a year. So he passed by the wounded man, on the other side of the road. A little later, a Levite, who assisted the priests in the temple and had to conform to the same laws, also saw him, and passed by on the other side.

Then a Samaritan came along. Now, the Samaritans came from a neighboring province, and the Jews despised them so much that they would not set foot in the province of Samaria, if they could help it, and the Samaritans had no liking for the Jews. But when this Samaritan saw the wounded Jew lying by the side of the road, he was sorry for him. He bound up his wounds, and gave him food. Then he set him on his own beast, and took him to an inn. There he cared for him during the night, and in the morning, when he had to leave, he paid the innkeeper, instructing him to care for the wounded man until he recovered, promising to pay any extra expense when he came that way again.

A HERO'S SACRAMENT[1]

A Bible Dramatization in Three Scenes (1 Samuel 22; 1 Chronicles 11)

Characters

David.
Abishai, Eleazer, Benaiah, friends of David.
Followers of David.
Runner.
Three Men of Benjamin.
Three Men of Judah.
One who speaks the Prologue.

Scene I

Entrance to the Cave of Adullam

Prologue (read in front of stage before curtain is raised).

When David fled from the court of Saul, when the king sought his life, he escaped to the cave of Adullam; and when his brethren heard, they and all his father's house went down thither to him. And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became captain over them.

[1] Longer dramatization for White Gifts Service, for Vesper Service for Church or camp, or other special occasions.

(Curtain rises, disclosing David and a few of his followers seated at the entrance to the cave. One or two may be leaning against the wall of the cave, which may be simulated by brown paper, and imaginary activities may be carried on unobtrusively, such as stretching a new cover on a shield, eating a bit of bread, bringing David food or water, the latter in a gourd, or mending a sandal, etc. Clothes, short tunics, with headdress. The latter may be made of heavy white Turkish toweling tied with a cord about the head, the cloth hanging down over the sides and back of the head, Arab fashion. Seats may be stones, or chunks of wood, with or without a rough cloth thrown over them.)

David. Our band grows, Abishai. Nigh unto four hundred men are with us now, and each day adds unto their numbers. Yesterday two men from the hills joined our band. Outlaws, they were, half-starved, with scarce a pick of flesh on their bones, and naught but rags to cover them. Poor wretches!

Abishai. Yea, but give them a few good meals, and they'll do well enough. Didst note that each of them carried a good stout spear?

Follower. What of it? A wanderer without a weapon would not go far in these hills in such troublous times. But will they be loyal, think you? Or will they do harm here among our men?

Abishai. Will men turn and rend the hand that gives them life? David our lord took them in and gave them food and shelter when all the world was against them, and they had well-nigh died.

Follower. What had they done that they should be so cast out?

David. What matters it? Perchance, they had fallen into disfavor, even as I. Perhaps they have sinned or owe a debt which they cannot pay. I did not ask. They were in need of food and protection, and I of men. We are all outcasts, and all such are welcome to our scant hospitality. Yea, and Jehovah the God of Israel will help us protect the helpless ones who belong to his chosen people. Perchance he may soften the heart of Saul, so that he may cease to seek our lives, and we may dwell again in peace. *(Men approach.)* But, stay—thither come strangers to our stronghold. *(To men.)* Whence come ye? *(Enter Men of Benjamin.)*

First Man of Benjamin. We are men of the tribe of Benjamin. If thou art willing, we would join ourselves to thee, and serve thee.

David. And why should ye do this? Know ye not that I am an outcast in the land, with this great cave my only stronghold?

Second Man of Benjamin. Peace be unto thee, sire. We, like thyself, have

fled from those who seek our lives. We, too, have become dwellers in the wilderness, without home or place to lay our heads. We have long known of thy valor, and of thy faithfulness to Jehovah, and we would become thy humble followers.

David. Peace be unto you. Ye are welcome. The men of Benjamin were ever men of valor. Benaiah, see that these men have food and supplies. *(They retire into cave.)*

(Three men of Judah approach.) Came ye with the men of Benjamin? Peace be unto thee.

David. If ye have come peaceably unto me to help me, my heart shall be knit unto you; but if ye have come to betray me to mine enemies, seeing there is no strife or evil in mine heart, the God of our fathers look thereon and rebuke you.

Second Man of Judah. Thine we are, O David, and thee would we follow. Peace be unto thee and thy followers, for thy God helpeth thee and them.

David. So be it, O men of Judah. Abide you with me. Abishai, see that these men share the scant comfort of our cave, and assign them a place in our band of followers. *(They retire into cave.)*

(Enter runner, breathlessly.)

Runner. Sire; the Philistines!

David. What news? Of the Philistines, sayest thou? Is the king in danger?

Runner. Nay, my Lord; but the people of Keilah are in great peril. They do thresh their grain upon the hilltops, and the Philistines are sweeping down upon their defenseless city. The king and his men are far away, and there is none to help.

David. The danger is indeed great; yet though our band is small, we cannot suffer that these innocent people be oppressed. We go to Keilah to deliver the city from the hand of the spoiler. Stay not, but haste each one in his going forth.

Soldier. Behold, my lord; we are few, and even here, in our retreat, we fear for our lives. How shall we then go up against the host of the Philistines?

David. Fear ye not! Know ye not that Jehovah is with us, as we go to protect the weak and defenseless? Be of good cheer. Gird yourselves, each one, for we go forth with strong hearts in the name of Jehovah our God! *(Exeunt David and followers.)*

Curtain.

APPENDIX

Scene II

In the Cave of Adullam the Following Evening.
David and His Followers

First Follower. Jehovah indeed was with us this day. Saw ye how the Philistines did run? Eleazar proved himself a mighty man of valor, for, single-handed, he drove out a great band of mauraders when they attacked the eastern side of the city. And heard ye the blessings of the people whose lives and homes were saves? *(Cries of Aye! Aye! and many voices talking over the occurences of the attack.)*

Second Follower. Not so loud, I pray thee. The Philistines are as the sands of the sea for numbers, and danger may still be near. Yea, let us think, too, of our leader, who fain would rest. He grieves for those who fell, and he hath been tireless in caring for those who were hurt in the fray.

David (coming to center). I am weary, though I thank Jehovah that he hath given us the strength to deliver the city of Keilah. The heat of the day hath brought to my mind the cool, sweet waters that I drank from the well at Bethlehem in the days of my childhood. O, that some one would give me to drink of that well. But, alas, Bethlehem is in the hands of the enemy, and alien lips are quaffing that cool draft.

(At this Abishai, Eleazer, Benaiah whisper together, and slip out, David is busy with reports.)

But let us forget our desires for the sterner things before us. What have our guards found out concerning the enemy, and about the king and his army?

First Follower. The Philistines hold many cities hereabout, and the armies of Saul prevail not against them. Bethlehem is strongly held, as thou hast said, and the band that we scattered from Keilah hath fled to the north.

David. Then there is naught to do this night but rest. Hath a tally been taken of the men? Hath a guard been set for the night? *(Cries of "Yea, sire!") Where is Abishai? And Eleazar and Benaiah, I see not here.*

Soldier. They slipped out, sire, whilst thou wast speaking.

David. Tireless, still, after all their mighty deeds| No doubt they are making sure that our retreat is safe. When they come in, see that food is prepared for them, and a comfortable place in which to rest. Peace be unto you all this night. *(David and his followers prepare to rest.)*

Curtain.

Scene III

Entrance to Cave, Next Morning

(Guard patrolling before cave, a few soldiers, evidently just awakening, coming out of cave. Small stone altar at side of stage.)

Soldier (sleepily). O, hm-m! But I need a good run down yon hillside to cast this sleep from mine eyes. Thinkest thou, guard, it is safe to go in the open?

Guard. There hath not so much as a dog stirred in the valley this night. All is well. *(Peers into distance.)* But stay—some one approacheth.

Soldier (looking in same direction). They come boldly. Methinks it looks like Captain Abishai and his two friends. And, see, guard, they carry something with great care. Mayhap they have discovered something of great value.

(Enter Abishai, Benaiah, and Eleazer, with a skin of water.)

Guard. Hast thou found treasure? But why carriest thou thy treasure in such fashion? *(Approaches and examines water skin.)* Why, verily, I believe it is water, and nothing more. *(Laughs.)*

Abishai. Nay, judge not so hastily, I pray you. It is indeed treasure, for we have brought it at cost of our very lives. Yea, it *is* water; but whence thinkest thou it came? Even from the well of Bethlehem, for the lips of David, our leader. Yet even though the danger is great, ten times over would we go to quench *his* thirst.

David (coming from cave). Did I hear thee say thou hast been to Bethlehem? Nay, that is impossible, for the Philistines hold it in force.

Abishai. Even so, my lord. We slipped in under cover of the night and brought thee sweet water from the well of thy childhood. Then we broke through the lines and came on our way. Drink, sire, that thy thirst may be quenched. *(Pours water into gourd.)*

David (taking gourd and holding it before him, slightly raised). Nay, not so! Though how crystal clear it sparkles! Methinks I can taste it even now, cool and refreshing to these parched lips and heart, bringing back to me again the days in the house of Jesse my father, and the times I did tend the sheep near by. Precious art thou, O water, clear and sparkling; and yet, thou art not water—thou art red as carmine. The blood of three mighty men thou art, and precious in the sight of Jehovah. The lives of these three men, my friends, might well have paid for thee. Drink thee? Nay, thou art sacred! So great a sacrifice shall be unto

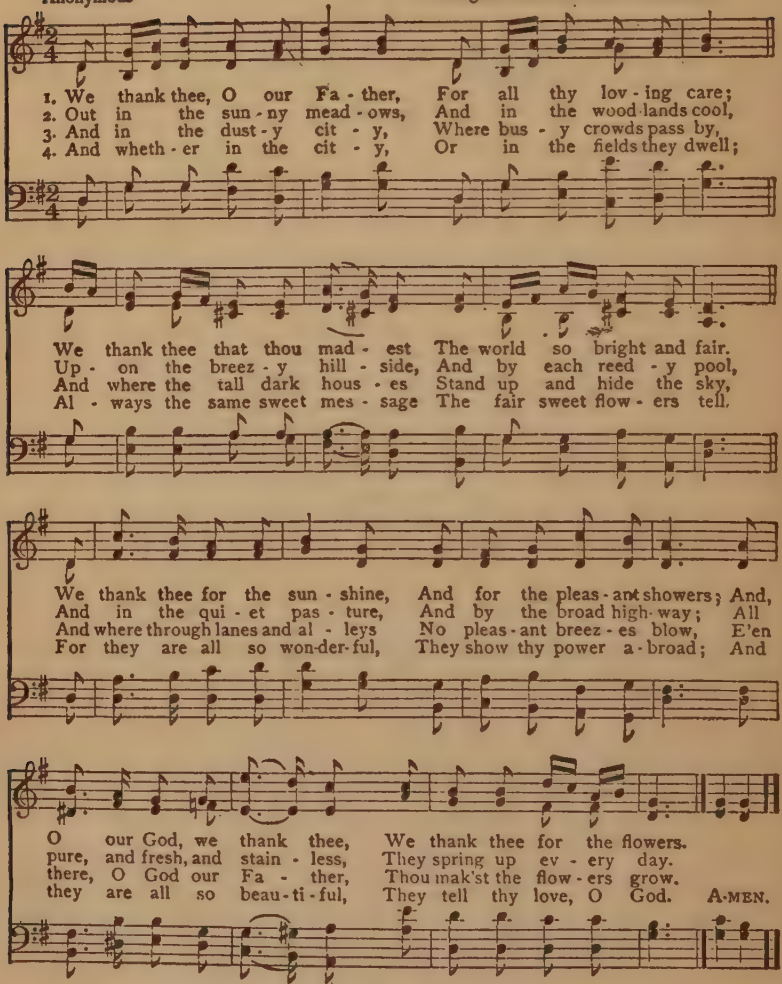
Jehovah—as an offering! I pour it out before thee, O Lord of hosts! *(Simulates pouring water over small stone altar at left, then remains with eyes uplifted for a few moments. The entire stage and all the players should remain motionless, concentrated on his act of worship. Then David bows his head a moment, either places gourd on stone near at hand, or simply drops hand to side. The gourd is no longer of importance, and attention should be directed to David. Turning to his friends.)* And they are weary, Eleazer, Abishai, and Benaiah. Come and rest. And, now, may the Lord be with you and keep you always. The Lord make his face to shine upon you and give you peace, O my friends. *(Curtain falls as David, with his hands on his friends' shoulders, turns to go into cave.)*

WE THANK THEE, O OUR FATHER

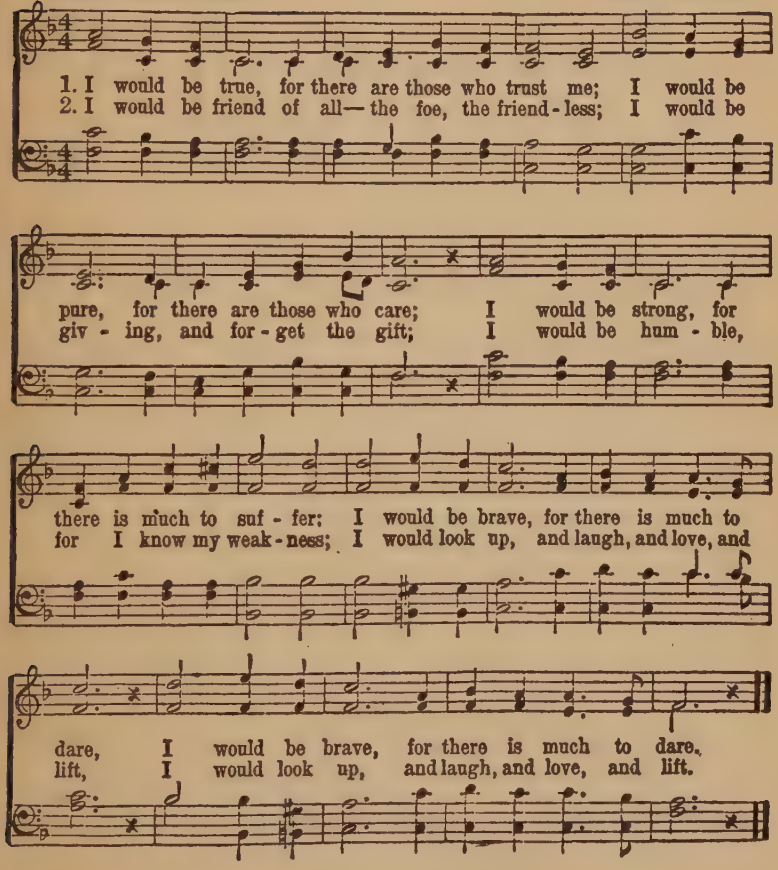
(CLAFLIN. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.)

Anonymous

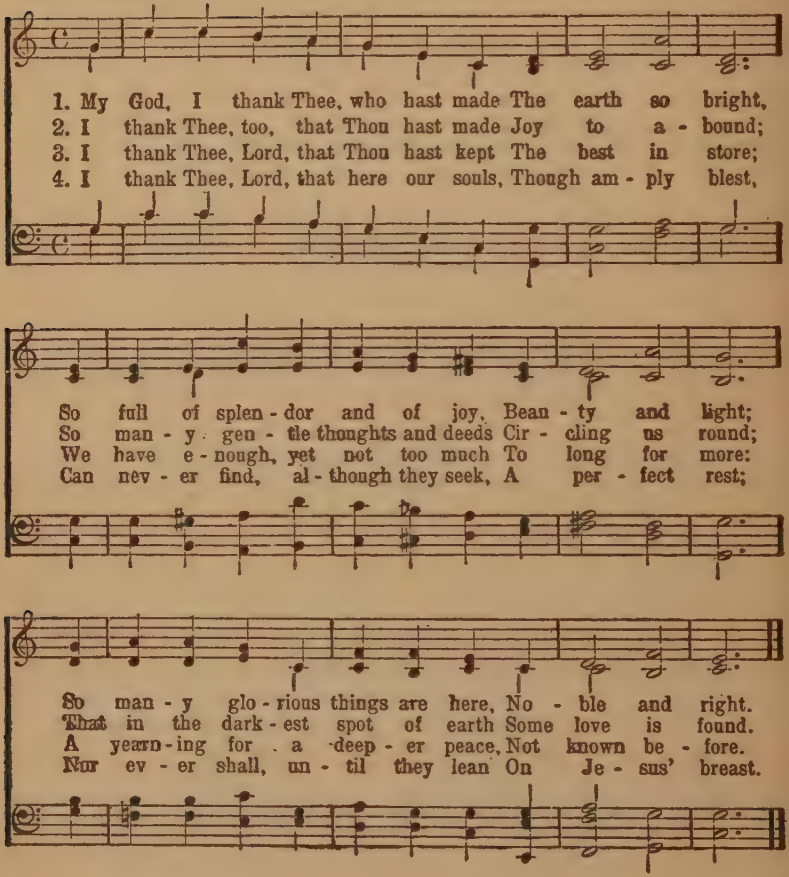
Arranged from HERMAN KOTZSCHMAR


1. We thank thee, O our Fa - ther, For all thy lov - ing care;
2. Out in the sun - ny mead - ows, And in the wood-lands cool,
3. And in the dust - y cit - y, Where bus - y crowds pass by,
4. And wheth - er in the cit - y, Or in the fields they dwell;
We thank thee that thou mad - est The world so bright and fair.
Up - on the breez - y hill - side, And by each reed - y pool,
And where the tall dark hous - es Stand up and hide the sky,
Al - ways the same sweet mes - sage The fair sweet flow - ers tell.
We thank thee for the sun - shine, And for the pleas - ant showers; And,
And in the qui - et pas - ture, And by the broad high-way; All
And where through lanes and al - leys No pleas - ant breez - es blow, E'en
For they are all so won-der-ful, They show thy power a - broad; And
O our God, we thank thee, We thank thee for the flowers.
pure, and fresh, and stain - less, They spring up ev - ery day.
there, O God our Fa - ther, Thou mak'st the flow - ers grow.
they are all so beau - ti - ful, They tell thy love, O God. A-MEN.

I WOULD BE TRUE

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER — JOSEPH YATES PEEK

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be
pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,
there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to
for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

MY GOD, I THANK THEE

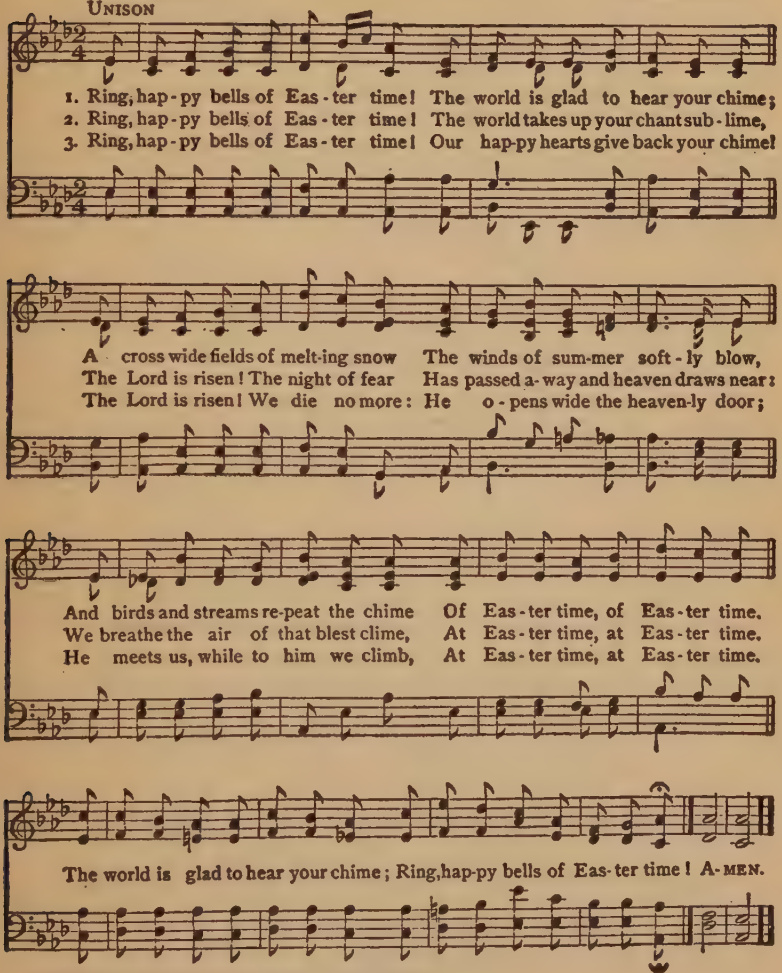
Adelaide A. Procter — Frederick C. Maker

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright,
2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;
3. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;
4. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though am - ply blest,
So full of splen - dor and of joy, Bean - ty and light;
So man - y gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round;
We have e - nough, yet not too much To long for more:
Can nev - er find, al - though they seek, A per - fect rest;
So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.
That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.
A yearn - ing for a deep - er peace, Not known be - fore.
Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast.

RING, HAPPY BELLS OF EASTER TIME

(EASTER CHIMES. L. M. D.)

LUCY LARCOM, 1882 — ELEANOR SMITH

UNISON


1. Ring, hap-py bells of Eas-ter time! The world is glad to hear your chime;
2. Ring, hap-py bells of Eas-ter time! The world takes up your chant sub-lime,
3. Ring, hap-py bells of Eas-ter time! Our hap-py hearts give back your chime!
A cross wide fields of melt-ing snow The winds of sum-mer soft-ly blow,
The Lord is risen! The night of fear Has passed a-way and heaven draws near:
The Lord is risen! We die no more: He o-pens wide the heaven-ly door;
And birds and streams re-peat the chime Of Eas-ter time, of Eas-ter time.
We breathe the air of that blest clime, At Eas-ter time, at Eas-ter time.
He meets us, while to him we climb, At Eas-ter time, at Eas-ter time.
The world is glad to hear your chime; Ring, hap-py bells of Eas-ter time! A-MEN.

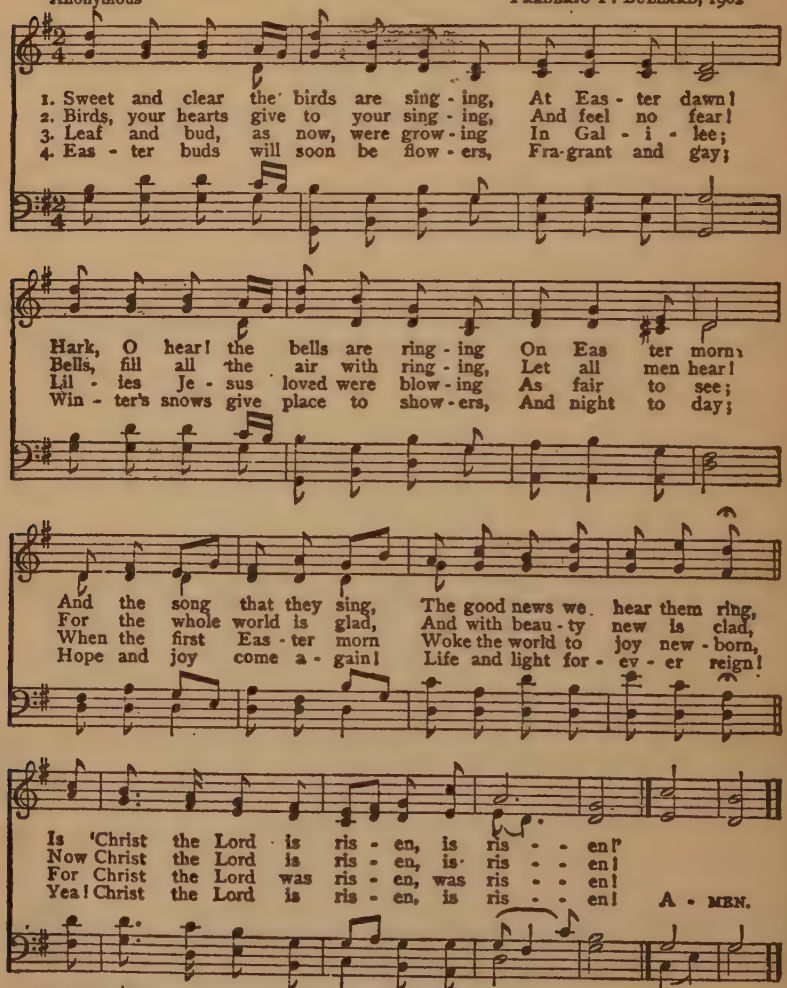
From *Songs for Little Children*. By permission of Thomas Charles Co.

SWEET AND CLEAR THE BIRDS ARE SINGING

(CANTICLES. 8, 4, 8, 4, 6, 7, 10)

Anonymous

FREDERIC F. BULLARD, 1902


1. Sweet and clear the birds are sing - ing, At Eas - ter dawn!
2. Birds, your hearts give to your sing - ing, And feel no fear!
3. Leaf and bud, as now, were grow - ing In Gal - i - lee;
4. Eas - ter buds will soon be flow - ers, Fra-grant and gay;
Hark, O hear! the bells are ring - ing On Eas ter morn;
Bells, fill all the air with ring - ing, Let all men hear!
Lil - ies Je - sus loved were blow - ing As fair to see;
Win - ter's snows give place to show - ers, And night to day;
And the song that they sing, The good news we hear them ring,
For the whole world is glad, And with beau - ty new is clad,
When the first Eas - ter morn Woke the world to joy new - born,
Hope and joy come a - gain! Life and light for - ev - er reign!
Is 'Christ the Lord is ris - en, is ris - - en!'
Now Christ the Lord is ris - en, is ris - - en!
For Christ the Lord was ris - en, was ris - - en!
Yea! Christ the Lord is ris - en, is ris - - en! A - MEN.

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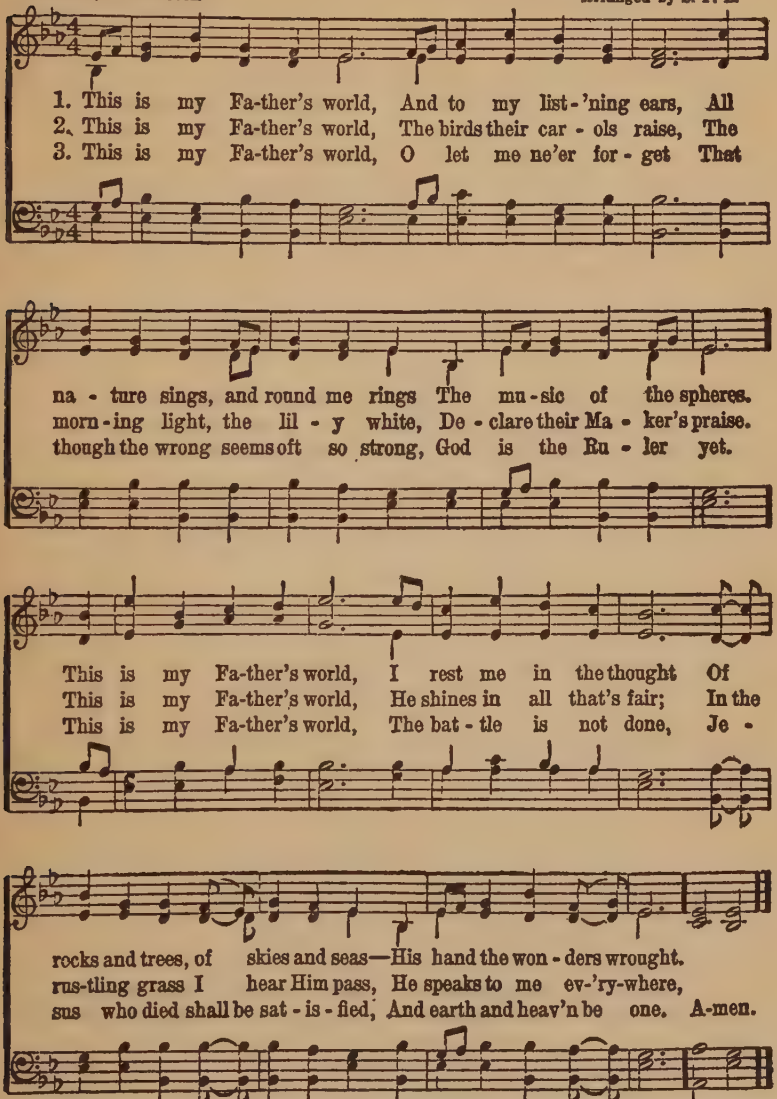
THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

Traditional English Melody
Arranged by S. F. L.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-'ning ears, All
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise, The
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get That
na-ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres.
morn-ing light, the lil-y white, De-clare their Ma-ker's praise.
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ru-ler yet.
This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat-tle is not done, Je-
rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His hand the won-ders wrought.
rus-tling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-'ry-where,
sus who died shall be sat-is-fied, And earth and heav'n be one. A-men.

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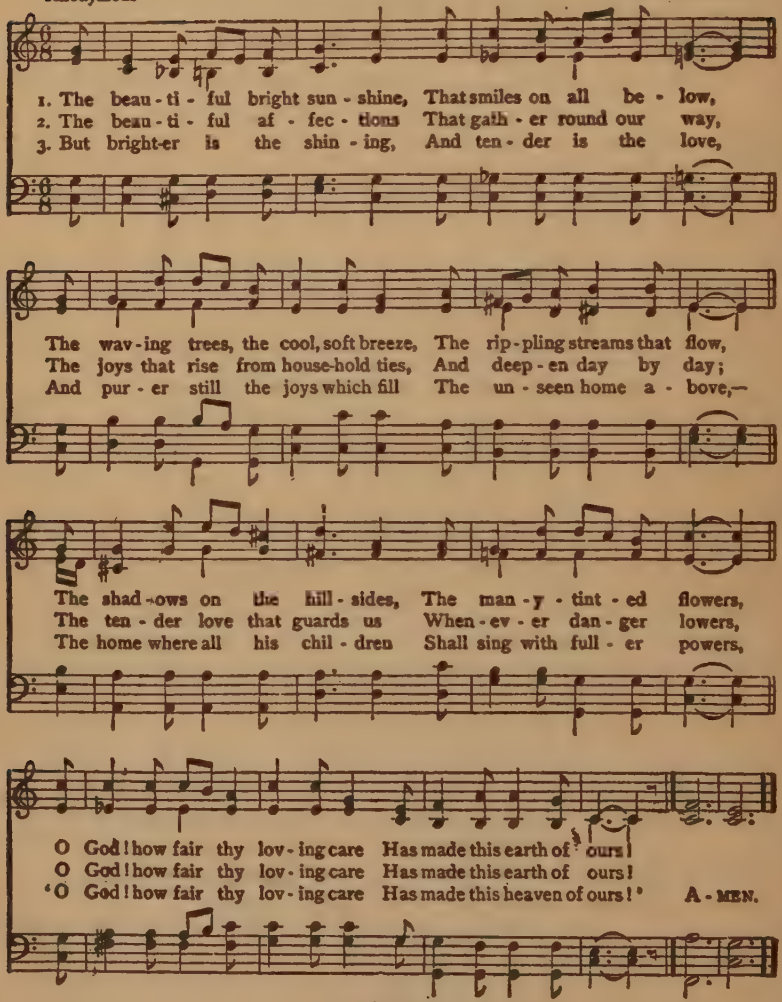
THE BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT SUNSHINE

(SUNSHINE. 7, 6, 8, 6, D.)

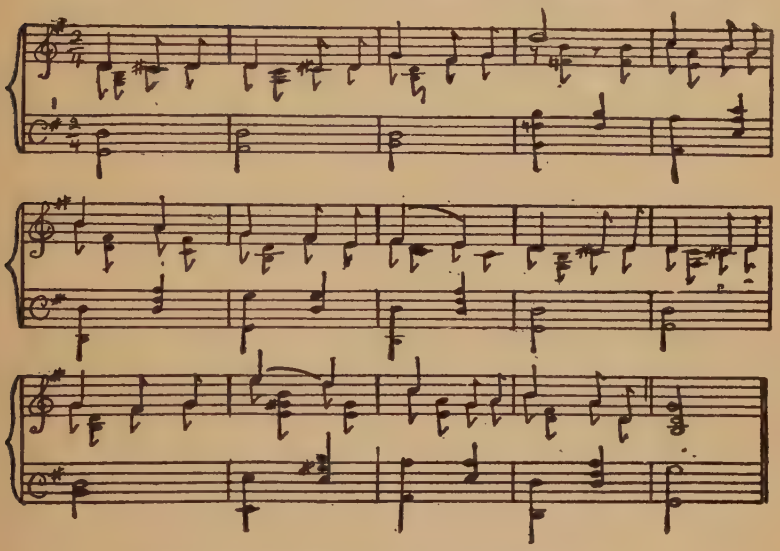
Anonymous

G. E. OLIVER


1. The beau-ti-ful bright sun-shine, That smiles on all be-low,
2. The beau-ti-ful af-fec-tions That gath-er round our way,
3. But bright-er is the shin-ing, And ten-der is the love,
The wav-ing trees, the cool, soft breeze, The rip-pling streams that flow,
The joys that rise from house-hold ties, And deep-en day by day;
And pur-er still the joys which fill The un-seen home a-bove,—
The shad-ows on the hill-sides, The man-y-tint-ed flowers,
The ten-der love that guards us When-ev-er dan-ger lowers,
The home where all his chil-dren Shall sing with full-er powers,
O God! how fair thy lov-ing care Has made this earth of ours!
O God! how fair thy lov-ing care Has made this earth of ours!
O God! how fair thy lov-ing care Has made this heaven of ours!
A-MEN.

A SONG OF SPRING

L. M. Vasey — Adapted from Rubenstein's Melody in F



Hark! to the music of birds singing near;
See in the meadow sweet flowers appear,
Bringing the message that springtime is here,
God's gift of hope and of joy.

"Gone," sing the brooks, "are the ice and the cold."
Bright in the sunshine flowers unfold;
Each day a new note of joy is enrolled,
Thankful for God's gift of spring.

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